

Contemporary Review

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, JULY, 1953

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Sometimes the addition or deletion of a single word involves the resetting of a whole paragraph and thus causes much unnecessary cost and delay.

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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

JULY, 1953

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S FIRST STAGE

THREE is, perhaps, no better way of approaching an estimate of President Eisenhower's first half-year than to compare its more conspicuous features with those of his predecessor's beginning twenty years ago. The United States was not far from its darkest hour when Franklin Roosevelt entered the White House. Every bank in the country had closed its doors. If there was an echo with a hopeful note as the President ended his inaugural address, it could have been only in the reflection that, the situation after three years of the great Depression being what it was, any and every move of the new Administration must be for the better. The extraordinary response by Congress to the initial acts of the Executive carried a meaning that could not be mistaken. The nation, Mr. Roosevelt said, was demanding action; and action, with tremendous popular backing, began forthwith. The main lines of policy had been thought out in advance; the heads of departments were briefed; the new President stood out as a national leader. And in consequence the first Roosevelt year is remembered as a resonant new start.

No corresponding achievement or experience was possible in 1953 for Mr. Eisenhower, so recently transformed from a General Commanding into a political Chief, occupying the highest and most difficult elective office in the world. He had withstood the pressure by political supporters until the day when the lure of the Presidency proved irresistible and he threw over his own excellent maxim as to a trained professional's remaining within his proper sphere. Until 1952 General Eisenhower was a world-famous soldier, that and nothing else. His destiny was altered through the plight of the Republicans. After being in the wilderness for two decades the party managers were resolved that the Presidency must at all costs be regained. That meant the "drafting" of an all-popular candidate whose appeal could cross the party barriers. It was recognised that, despite their heavy handicap (four terms of power and the discredit of the later Truman years) the Democrats might defeat a machine Republican, and moreover, that the strongest of all machine aspirants, Senator Taft, could hardly hope to win against a candidate such as Governor Stevenson. The result was that, for the first time in the eighty years since General Grant, the American people elected a military man as Chief Executive and one who, while enjoying a far greater popularity than any contemporary, was wholly without experience of civil government and was ready at all times to avow his ignorance of current domestic problems, including the most prominent and urgent on the list.

When President Eisenhower entered the White House in January he was able to count upon an almost unbounded fund of national goodwill.

There was a noteworthy suspension of hostilities, after an election campaign of extreme bitterness. Washington revelations during Mr. Truman's last year had underlined the incessantly repeated assertion that it was time for a change. Every new President is, by general assent, entitled to a honeymoon and the newspapers made play with a parallel of the Hundred Days. That interval, however, was not half over when the American public became aware that Mr. Eisenhower was struggling with a complex of difficulties mostly unforeseen. As a matter of fact, there was a situation perfectly well known to practical politicians everywhere, although the unsuspecting voter had been given little warning of what to expect.

The victory of last November was anything but a decisive Republican success. It was a personal triumph for General Eisenhower. His campaign speeches had been ineffective. It was the great soldier's personality that captured the multitude. The Republican majority in the House of Representatives was very small; the Senate was exactly balanced. Further, it should be borne in mind that, in both opinion and voting practice, the party lines in Congress are continually changing. On the morrow of an electoral victory a British Prime Minister can reckon his strength to a man. An American President has no such knowledge. He has to face the certainty that a section of his nominal supporters will at once line up with the Opposition; that in virtually every battle he will gain support from the other side, and that in all probability the stiffest resistance to his favourite measures will come from a compact group bearing the label of his own party. Roosevelt and Truman alike, for instance, had to deal with Southern Tory-Democrats whose enmity to their party Chief was implacable.

It would not be too much to say that as legislative leader (Woodrow Wilson's phrase) Mr. Eisenhower's problem has been greater, more baffling, than that of any modern President. His foreign policy, so far as it was known or defined, did not differ materially from that of Truman and Dean Acheson. As Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies in Europe he was the supreme head of Western Defence. He was in agreement with Far-Eastern policy as his predecessor had left it. He was not suspected of any sympathy with General MacArthur's reckless dream of ending the Korean campaign by means of all-out war upon China. His visit to the Far East, made in fulfilment of an election pledge, had shown him not only that a quick decision was impossible, but also that the established strategic plan must be upheld pending the prolonged truce talks. The President was aware that these conclusions involved a bitter disappointment for the millions who had cherished the belief that action to bring the boys home would, somehow, be the first striking success of the new Administration; and he was left in no doubt as to the determination and numerical strength of the Asia-first party in Congress—that is, the composite body of opinion which, responsive to the China Lobby, insists that the basic element in American defence must be the overthrow of Communist power in Eastern Asia, at whatever sacrifice of co-operation with NATO or aid to Britain and France.

From a President unique in standing and record, carried to the White House on a tidal wave of popular approval, the American public

demanded miracles. Specifically they were calling for leadership; they were ready for a sharp lesson in executive method. And, being the least military of great nations, they were doubtless greatly surprised that the President should allow the critical first half-year to slip past without a demonstration of governing authority. The millions of his admirers are hoping that Mr. Eisenhower has been deliberately holding his hand; but it is not to be denied that the disappointment is general and painful.

It is in regard to foreign and military policy that the questioning is most severe, the public mind most bewildered. The Administration so far has not spoken with a single voice. At times there has been contradiction between President and Secretary of State, while the Pentagon appeared, as in Truman's day, to be taking its own line. The contrast in personality and technique between Acheson and Dulles could hardly be more striking. Mr. Acheson was conservative and conciliatory, holding closely to the Far-Eastern policy worked out under General Marshall. Mr. Dulles, if not rightly to be described as dynamic, is an activist given to swift diagnosis and unreflecting judgment. It is fair to assume that his work on the Japanese treaty, done for Mr. Truman, enhanced his natural self-confidence. But rapid tours of Europe and the East cannot afford the best approach to the hardest problems of the day, as more than one of the Secretary of State's pronouncements have enabled us to see.

It was, for instance, unwise of him to hint that the American contribution to Western Europe might be reduced unless evidence were forthcoming of definite advance towards federation. Mr. Dulles, again, was plainly off the mark when, after a glance over the Middle East, he ventured a remark to the effect that the dependent peoples of that region were all alike suspicious of the old British Colonial imperialism. A closer look at the Asiatic lands would have convinced Mr. Dulles that persistent Communist propaganda has made the Oriental nations deeply concerned about American economic imperialism and its possible consequences. Nor is it improbable that he would have learned how, since the establishment of Indian independence, Eastern governments and peoples alike have shed any surviving fears of British imperial power. Mr. Dulles with his large knowledge of the Far East should not be in need of reassurance on this head. But his words indicate that he is not yet free from the notion of "colonialism" which, even at this late hour, is an obsession with the less instructed American politician. In his survey of the Middle East, however, Mr. Dulles could be in no doubt as to the extreme difficulty confronting the Washington Government. An end to the bitter conflict between Israel and the Arab States, as Mr. Eisenhower repeats, is no less important for the United States than for Great Britain. Israel could not for a moment contemplate the loss of American friendship and support; and on the other hand, the keynote of Mr. Dulles's endeavours here cannot be other than the protection from Soviet control of the incalculable oil resources of the Middle East. North America has become an oil-importing continent.

Since taking command President Eisenhower has made only one comprehensive statement on foreign policy. This was the speech of April 16, a more thorough piece of construction in this field than the

American public has heard since Roosevelt. Sir Winston Churchill welcomed it with fitting adjectives. The approval of the American press was almost unqualified, the more observant commentators taking note of the fact that the President had not again referred to the one or two passages in his inaugural address which had seemed to imply a dangerous extension of the Truman doctrine.

The fact that the plaudits showered upon this speech went far beyond any endorsement the President had so far enjoyed was a plain indication that the country had been anxiously awaiting a declaration of policy. Moreover, it was hailed by liberal Republicans as the Administration's avowal of full partnership in world affairs. The President repeated the assurance, given often by Mr. Acheson, that the United States had no aggressive purpose whatever, and he added that all the issues between Russia and the West could be peaceably solved. He was looking, of course, for a cease-fire in Korea; and this he hoped would bring so marked a release from tension that a great reduction in the burden of armament might follow. In that event, the U.S.A. would be ready to allot a large part of the financial saving to the work of reconstruction. The unification of Korea was assumed, and the President reaffirmed the American principle of free elections. Apart from the proposal that the Soviet armies should be recalled within their rightful frontiers, which was the equivalent to a demand that Moscow should surrender its control of Eastern Europe, Mr. Eisenhower's words could in April seem realistic; but actually events were moving at a speed that made them sound as of yesterday.

The negotiations in Korea were already nearing a conclusion when Senator Taft intervened with two pronouncements which, although characteristic, were not suited to a majority leader in the Senate. The first was a speech in Cincinnati, obviously composed with great care. It contained a challenge both to U.N. action in Korea and to the Atlantic Alliance as violations of the Charter. Aggression, said Mr. Taft, could never be halted by the U.N., and in the Far East America was acting as a straight military Power. If the truce negotiations talks came to nothing, then the U.S. should abandon its allies and finish the task alone: in other words, commit itself to the conquest of all Korea regardless of consequences. The Senator's second venture was a call for a complete alliance in the Pacific between Great Britain and the U.S.A. Mr. Taft is always a lone fighter. He was evidently speaking in disregard of British-American relations as they are in 1953, and without a thought of American hostility to the recognition of Communist China, just then being re-affirmed by President and Senate alike.

The truth is that Mr. Eisenhower's position in respect of the Far East is extraordinarily difficult. His election speeches, though carefully guarded, had led the American people to feel sure that his primary purpose was the ending of the war; and as these lines are being written there is a widespread belief that an armistice would be followed by evacuation of the American forces. At the same time the Republicans in both Houses include many who, still believing in General MacArthur, are able to hold the isolationist view and plans for a cut in the costs of Defence, along with a dream of complete victory over China and Korea.

The one thing certain in this immense confusion is that the national regret and disillusion would be immeasurable if it should happen that the President who gained millions of votes by encouraging the hope of early peace were to find himself driven in the opposite direction. The American people loathe the Korean war. They would rejoice overwhelmingly if the Far-Eastern entanglement could be ended.

There can be no doubt that six months ago President Eisenhower had no prevision of the obstacles that were piling up in Congress. During the election it was agreed that a soldier could not be expected to discuss domestic problems with knowledge. In the America of today any candidate's speeches cannot be other than mildly progressive in tone, and Mr. Eisenhower was compliant. He declared in favour of drastic economy and a balanced Budget, while promising improved and expanded social services. He was for a better Labour Act, and for humane adjustments in the immigration laws. He was outspoken on the urgency of tariff revision in order that America might play a full part in the revival of world trade. And if he was ambiguous concerning the treatment of such basic resources as hydro-electric power and undeveloped oil, there was some ground for thinking that presidential authority would not be exercised for the benefit of the great monopoly interests.

The record of the first half-year affords ample material for a comparison between hope and fulfilment. Every President must be prepared for a battle with Congress. If he is without a loyal majority, he must fall back upon his personal reserves; and so far Mr. Eisenhower has not done this. The conspicuous fact of the present Administration is the transfer of power from the Executive to the Legislature, and that means stagnation in Washington. It is admitted that there is little hope of any extended social legislation before the 1954 elections. The President has been frank as regards the unbalanced Budget. The high-tariff brigade is formidable and is riding high. There was no effective opposition to the rejection of the British low bid for the Chief Joseph Dam, since that was done under the Buy American Act of 1933—a prudential device of the Depression, we should remember, which had its counterpart in our own country. Finally, in this connection, Congress has conferred upon the Gulf States, instead of upon the Federal Government, complete property rights in the under-sea oil deposits, an incalculable reserve of wealth. This measure has the President's approval.

President Eisenhower's opening stage is vexatious and distracting. The party balance in Congress has made incessant trouble. Its factions and their leaders have created a situation more unmanageable than any that has confronted a President since the days of Woodrow Wilson in his decline; and as regards domestic affairs there is no improvement to be expected. On the other hand, we may see the possibility that a lightening of the international prospect may provide Mr. Eisenhower with an opportunity for initiative in world leadership that only the President of the United States would be able to seize. A right decision in Korea, coupled with a continuance or enhancement of Malenkov's more reasonable attitude, would change the sentiment of the American people overnight; and that change, if wisely handled in Washington, could reinstate the President as head of the nation.

But his enemies, as the world knows, are of his own household. The forces that were behind Senator Taft until the nomination of his rival twelve months ago are unforgiving, implacable. They are in direct command of the Senate and are strong enough in the House. Mr. Eisenhower must do everything possible to conciliate them. There can, however, be no conciliation, no appeasement, towards one mortal enemy in the Capitol, Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin. This extraordinary product of a State that once stood in the van of progressivism is a portent whose personality and activities have had to be omitted from the present brief survey. It would be true to say that the American political scene has never thrown up a champion of unreason and intolerance to compare with him in actual power. There is one man only who possesses the weight and prestige to grapple with him; and that man is President of the Republic.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

FRENCH POLITICS

IT was agreed on all hands that the fall of the René Mayer Ministry on May 21 marked a climax—perhaps a turning-point—in the history of governmental instability. The apparent issue on which it was defeated was a secondary one and the fatal blow was struck by the main body of the ex-R.P.F., who withdrew their support of the Government and voted against it. ("We are not yet dead then," said M. Diethelm, their leader, "since we still have the power to destroy.") This looked like normal practice in instability, but the real issues were various and complex. The Government's course amid the difficulties both of internal and foreign affairs had weakened its authority. M. Mayer is a man of high political standing, but his (and M. Bidault's) handling of the visit to Washington was singularly unfortunate. The Great Power certificate accorded to France in the final communiqué was not regarded as a reinforcement of the national dignity. Opinion on these diverse matters, while remaining in the background, undoubtedly affected the vote which brought the Government down. Nearly all the groups of the Centre and Right, on which the Ministry rested, were each split into two. In fact, there has recently been a tendency for each group to divide into two on several essential questions—the European Army for instance—so that a Government depending on them would have to find one majority for one problem and a different majority for another problem.

This splitting of groups, together with the obscurity of the real issues of the crisis, made the usual procedure of Ministry-making difficult to apply. If the groups themselves are uncertain units, negotiations with them and the normal "dosing" of portfolios do not promise a workable coalition. Whether of their own initiative or at the instigation of the President of the Republic, the two first candidates for the Premiership, M. Reynaud and M. Mendès-France, adopted an entirely new line of approach. While consulting group leaders they did not negotiate specifically to form a coalition. In the speech in which he asked for investiture M. Reynaud surveyed the whole situation of France with

remarkable clearness and critical severity, contrasting particularly the results of French efforts in production with the greater results obtained elsewhere. M. Mendès-France, who presented himself after M. Reynaud's failure to obtain investiture, produced a plan for the general restoration of the French economy.

The significance of the crisis goes far beyond the simple question of finding a new Government. For some months, especially since the great controversy about the European army arose, opinion has become gravely disquieted concerning the position of France in the world. It is now realised that the voice of France carries less weight in international counsels. This consciousness of loss of prestige came at a time when many problems of the first order, both at home and abroad, had simultaneously become acute. The Budget deficit was too heavy and threatened to grow. The international balance of payments was not assured. Treasury difficulties compelled the Mayer Government to have recourse to further advances from the Bank of France. Trade was stagnant. Discontent about wages and salaries provoked strikes among various classes of State employees and in the mercantile marine. French policy in Europe was held in suspense by the still unsettled question of the Saar and the disagreement about the European Army. The invasion of Laos aggravated the problem of the war in Indo-China. Difficulties in Tunisia, and in a lesser degree in Morocco, were still awaiting treatment on the proper scale.

In these circumstances it was not merely a new Government which was needed, but a Government which would apply a coherent policy covering the whole accumulation of difficulties. This was a formidable requirement. No Parliament could be expected to meet it completely with instant promptitude. But it is a reassuring indication of continuing French vitality that the case for it has been put with force and clearness and a notable statesmanship. M. Reynaud opened the case boldly, but his recognized ability does not win him a general popularity. His failure to obtain authority to form a Government may have been largely due to his refusal to reveal his programme and his demand for a reform of the Constitution which he hoped would assure his Ministry of eighteen months of unthreatened existence. But, justly or not, the main obstacle to his return to power is the fact that he is regarded as the Prime Minister of the defeat of 1940. Nevertheless, he compelled the attention of the National Assembly, awakened public opinion outside Parliament, and prepared the way for M. Mendès-France.

Perhaps the most important result of the recent Ministerial crisis may prove to have been the emergence of M. Mendès-France. When he was first elected in 1932 M. Mendès-France was the youngest Deputy. With twenty-one years of public life behind him he is now 46. Since the liberation he has continually advocated stern financial and economic measures for the restoration of the French economy, with so much fidelity and so little acceptance that, except for a brief experience in the Provisional Government of General de Gaulle in 1945, he has never been in office. His position as an exile from office holding and expressing unpopular views was rather like that of Sir Winston Churchill in his "Cassandra" days. M. Mendès-France, however, while listened to with

respect by the National Assembly, was scarcely known outside Parliament. The comprehensive plan for economic restoration which he expounded to the National Assembly was known in its principles. France has been attempting too many things at once, and must therefore economise. Less important purposes must be put aside in favour of more important. Effort must be transferred from the unproductive to the productive, from the less useful to the more useful. Choice is necessary everywhere. National defence, economic progress, social progress, all must be "dosed". Full employment should be a grand objective, to be attained chiefly by stimulating exports and by housing. Investments for the equipment of industry and agriculture are also to be regarded as productive expenditure. Everybody recognized, he said, that the continuation of the war in Indo-China imposed a burden which should be lightened. M. Mendès-France was reticent about definite proposals concerning Indo-China, but he said that France should present at the Bermuda conference a precise plan with a view to a solution of the conflict. The whole case was presented by M. Mendès-France with a clearness, an eloquence and an accent of authority which gave it the authentic character of statesmanship. He has seized upon the central truth of the situation of France that the secret of prestige is a strong economy. As he himself wrote recently: "It is not on diplomatic conferences but on economic vigour that a great nation is built." Although he did not succeed on this occasion he left the impression that he remains a strong force in reserve, a man who will know how to govern. He made his own original contribution towards a solution of the problem of instability. If he had been elected Premier he would have chosen his own Ministers and would have exacted from them an undertaking that they would not become members of the Government which might follow his own. For the practice is not unknown by which Ministers quietly prepare the fall of a Cabinet to make room for another, in which they are maintained in their posts by a new and grateful Prime Minister. M. Mendès-France's ingenious device would not be without its disadvantages. The maintenance of certain Ministers in office through several successive Governments has not infrequently corrected the vice of instability and assured a certain continuity of policy. The outstanding example is Briand, who remained at the Quai d'Orsay for seven years.

It is commonly accepted in the political world that the speech of M. Reynaud and still more emphatically that of M. Mendès-France have so forcefully revealed the gravity of the situation and the conditions of recovery that any Government formed in the immediate future will have to take account of their effect. Public opinion will judge them by a new standard. Public opinion had already come into play during the Premiership of M. Pinay, but it is probable that a more striking effect has been produced by the turn taken by the recent crisis. The defeat of M. Mendès-France does not, however leave the Assembly more organized than it was before the crisis. The Socialists are back in opposition. The ex-R.P.F. now re-baptised as the U.R.A.S. (Union Républicaine d'Action Sociale) are a body of 80 members. Deprived, at least officially, of their old leadership, they are obviously exposed to the risk of further disintegration. In any case they are still a large group offering little assurance of steadiness to any majority to which they may belong. The R.P.F.

voters in the country migrated in large numbers to the Independents and other parties at the municipal elections, so that the electoral future of the Gaullist Deputies elected to the National Assembly in 1951 is uncertain.

After the defeat of M. Mendès-France it was frequently said that the decisive factor was foreign policy and also the policy to be followed in Indo-China and Tunisia. From the debate itself and from what is known of the group discussions this seems to have been true of a section of the M.R.P. and of some members of the now loosely-knit ex-R.P.F. A division of opinion in the M.R.P. was understandable, since the Minister responsible for Indo-Chinese affairs in the Mayer Ministry was M. Letourneau, a member of the group. Another element which was said to have counted against him was his insistence on constant consultation between the French and British Governments. This, taken in connection with his general argument for a financially independent France and even a financially independent Europe, was interpreted as showing his lukewarmness towards the Atlantic organization. Nothing in his statements justified the supposition of such a departure from the orthodox line of French policy. So far as can be foreseen at the moment no acute divergence from the established line is likely. In the case of Indo-China and Tunisia a certain indecision exists in French opinion, not about the ultimate objectives, but about immediate tactics. There is a body of opinion reluctant to negotiate on Indo-China in a military situation not too favourable. As to general international policy it does not seem likely that the vexed question of the European Army will come again into active discussion until the Saar question is settled, and that probably cannot be until after the German elections in September. It is an important fact that the two declarations which have awakened general opinion to the realities of the French situation should both have emphasised so strongly the necessity of a close Franco-British connection. In the atmosphere which has now been created public opinion will probably endorse this judgment. It was one of the minor faults of the late Government that it did not adequately react to Sir Winston Churchill's great speech of May 12. But public opinion did react; the speech confirmed the deep respect felt in France for what M. Mendès-France called the "vigour and cohesion" of the British people. The French are obviously still concerned to associate Great Britain with Europe as intimately as the British objection to entering a federation will allow. But a doubt as to the exact British attitude remains. References to the coal and steel community and to other projects of federal organization are sometimes so laconic as to leave it a question, not whether we shall eventually join in these schemes, but whether we wish them to succeed without us.

Even after the final vote against his investiture the practical effects of M. Mendès-France's intervention on the future conduct of the National Assembly cannot certainly be estimated. The plan for making every part of State policy, including foreign, Empire and military policy, contribute to a general over-riding scheme for the restoration of the French economy exercised a powerful attraction in every section of the Centre and Left. But even among supporters there were hesitants. The Radical party, of which M. Mendès-France is a conspicuous member, gave an almost solid vote for investiture, but opinion about the plan itself

was not unanimous. In various groups a curious line of division was observable between Deputies elected for the first time in 1951 (who were often favourable to the "adventure") and older Parliamentary hands more docile to official leadership. Some hostility was bound to be aroused among official leaders by a plan which implied a severe judgment on past Governments which have dealt piecemeal with the economic problems. Moreover, approval of a Prime Minister at his investiture has not always been followed by approval of the Government he has formed. A Government must rest on the political strength which resides in organized parties. Finally, M. Mendès-France's plan, so attractive in its aim and so statesmanlike in its general design, was, in large measure, only a plan on paper when it was proposed to the National Assembly. It was not known in all its details, and some of the unrevealed financial measures might well turn out to be severe and therefore unpopular. These considerations may count for much or little as events may determine. What is certain is that he was nearly victorious, that he stirred the National Assembly deeply, and both there and in the country set in motion a strong current of opinion in favour of a thorough restoration of the national economy which would set France on her feet again.

W. L. MIDDLETON.

Vernon, Euse.

RUSSIA AND THE BALKANS

IN seeking an answer to the question which has been a subject of intense speculation on both sides of the Atlantic since the death of Stalin—whether the new Soviet attitude portends merely a change of tactics and no change whatever in Russia's basic foreign policy—the political seers and the foreign policy framers might turn with some profit to a study of the satellites of the Soviet Union. For if it is still fundamentally true that there are still no "experts" on Russia, but only, at best, intelligent "opinions," there are fairly strong reasons for assuming that the greatest single factor in inducing the sudden change of behaviour, such as it is, on the Kremlin's part, was the signing of the tripartite treaty between Greece, Turkey and Yugoslavia on February 28th this year.

To appreciate this fully and understand its significance against the pattern of world events, one must have an intimate knowledge of the Balkans world which existed before the Bolshevik rise to power, when the destinies of "Big Father Russia" and these three states were so closely linked together. Whereas the national rivalries and hates of the small Powers of South-Eastern Europe kept the region in a ferment, and the ambitions and intrigues of the Great Powers fanned the flames, the political—and, in some cases, military—subjugation of Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Albania, and Yugoslavia, by Stalin, was designed not only to exclude the Western Powers from a strategically vital region, but to consolidate the Balkan nations and end their warring for all time in the interests of Communist Russia. But Russia's motives, as we now know, were not merely strategic and ideological; they were imperialistic, and, more importantly, economic. Vast as were the Russian domains, with

the bulk of the population peasants, the Soviet Union required milch cows near at hand to sustain her own economy and feed her huge army during the prolonged period of her industrialisation. The satellite states, in fact, were once the granary of Europe. However low their standard of life in respect of housing, communications, health services, and the other amenities of civilised life may have been, they ate well and obtained much-needed goods by exporting food. Rumania had a rich source of revenue in her oil-wells.

After the "liberation" by the Russian forces, the loss of personal freedom of the old Balkans quality did not seem to matter so much; but when the economic screw began to reflect itself in the retail shops, even Bulgaria, which had exulted at the shadow of mighty Russia cast across a prostrate Greece, with the prospect of territorial gains in due course, began to have serious misgivings. Bulgaria had, unlike Greece, emerged from the war practically unscathed, with her economy enhanced. She had plundered Greece of her cattle and rolling-stock. The build-up of the Bulgarian Army by the Russians to a point far in excess of the forces prescribed in the peace treaties, coupled with the murderous Communist onslaught on Greece, had raised the hopes of the "boers of the Balkans" to a high pitch indeed; their most-hated enemy seemed doomed for all time, and it looked as though "Eternal Greece" would very shortly occupy a subservient place in the ring of satellites who guarded Russia's approaches. The Truman Doctrine of 1947, with its programme of developing and expanding military and other aid to Greece and Turkey, was the first serious blow to Bulgaria and the Cominform States, culminating in the defeat of the Communist rebel forces by a militarily and morally strengthened Greek Nationalist Army. In the course of this fierce and bloody struggle, the Bulgarians and the Yugoslavs—the latter country had provided the greatest measure of help for the bandits by the provision of hospitals and rehabilitation centres behind the Greek frontier, mainly at Skoplje—were chagrined onlookers of an increasing flow of American aid to Greece and Turkey in proportion as their own economies declined. With the defection of Yugoslavia, main bulwark of the satellites, in the summer of 1948, the Cominform countries were thrown into a state of alarm, which, in turn, produced its own violent reactions in Moscow. In the satellite states hitherto trusted ministers, "pillars" of the Communist system and devotees of the "Leninist-Stalinist" line, were ruthlessly removed or executed, and the wave of fear and uncertainty, aggravated and fomented by the growing strength of the West, swept outside the Balkans to Poland and Czechoslovakia. The climax to the moral disintegration behind the Iron Curtain came with the practically concurrent events of the Graeco-Turkish-Yugoslav line-up and the death of Stalin.

On the eve of Stalin's death, on March 3, the Kremlin hastily summoned the leaders of all satellite countries to Moscow for an emergency conference. With the announcement of Malenkov as successor to Stalin came almost simultaneous messages from Sofia, Budapest, Bucharest, Warsaw, and Prague announcing their Communist solidarity to the world. An exception was Tirana, capital of Albania, where it was reliably reported that General Envers Hodje, the pro-Russian dictator, was being hard

pressed to ward off a rising tide of revolt among highly rebellious tribesmen. A heavy curtain of censorship was drawn closely around this little Balkans country, jammed between Yugoslavia and Greece, and cut off completely from the Communist world except by sea, and Soviet police reinforced Albanian forces with orders to crush ruthlessly all attempts at uprising. Albania has never become reconciled to Russian tutelage, as military expenditure has become increasingly heavy to meet Soviet requirements, without any improvement in the low standard of living of the people. Albania, with Bulgaria, Rumania, and Hungary, has been an acute observer of the economic and military aid which has been flowing steadily towards her neighbours. Sufficiently disgruntled by the Truman Doctrine which provided Greece and Turkey with abundant help, contrasting with her own poverty, the Yugoslav defection in 1948, which isolated her, has made Albania's position precarious and unenviable. No threat, however, to her territorial integrity will be made by either Greece or Turkey, but the men who direct her affairs in Moscow are seriously concerned about her Adriatic coastline, which, in the event of war, was to provide submarine bases to menace the shipping of the Western Powers in the Mediterranean. With the Yugoslav coast already lost, Russia's hold on the Adriatic would seem to be extremely slight, unless Malenkov chooses to maintain his grip at all costs by a substantial stream of reinforcements by air. But while Belgrade is optimistic about the possibilities in Albania, Greek statesmen are more cautious in their views. Mr. Kanellopoulos, Greek Minister of Defence, does not think we should look for immediate changes in the near future, in Albania. "But perhaps in two or three years' time we may begin to see important developments take place," he said in Paris.

Apart from Albania, the psychological effect of the Balkans tripartite understanding or treaty on the satellites is something which has not escaped the minds of the three partners concerned. In the first place, this pact can reasonably eschew all memories of ill-fated Balkan pacts of the past, since it is far more solidly based—on sheer self-preservation, in fact. Moreover, the treaty not only provides for economic and cultural collaboration among the contracting parties, but significantly leaves the door open for membership by any other country, without any conditions as to the domestic form of government a state may prefer. As the Yugoslav Foreign Secretary, General Popovic, declared in Ankara at the signing of the treaty: "The fact that the three original members of the pact have different governmental structures proves that differences in the form of government would be no obstacle." This statement, with others, was regarded as virtually an invitation to the satellite countries of South-Eastern Europe to follow the path of Tito and break away from Russian domination. The desire of the Balkan satellites for independence can scarcely be doubted. The great benefits expected from Communism have proved illusory, as the peasants in all of the countries concerned have come to realise that they are little more than serfs working for Russia, and not even enjoying the individual liberty they formerly possessed. Even Bulgaria's hatred of Greece, although it persists in sporadic frontier raids, could scarcely resist the opportunity for complete political and economic independence; unless Russia were to make war on the whole world, the

dream of a Greater Bulgaria at Greece's expense must by now seem a forlorn hope.

Given the will and the enthusiasm to throw off the shackles of the Soviet Union, nothing short of wholesale occupation of Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, and Albania could hold these countries down, and in the long run the position would become untenable for Russia. The terrain of the satellites forms a land mass with Greece, Yugoslavia, and Turkey, and the whole constitutes the home of predominantly mountain people whom the Russians could never hope to subjugate. The Russian Soviet Empire would prove no more invulnerable than the old Turkish Empire.

Just how little Rumania, for example, has become reconciled to her enslavement may be gauged from a letter which Mr. Mihail Farcașanu, formerly director of the newspaper *Vîitorul*, had published in the *New York Times* on March 7th. Writing as an eye-witness of "the drama that took place eight years ago," he said: "When on February 11th and 12th, 1945, General Radescu, the Prime Minister, denounced the Communist attempts to overthrow the legal government, he was supported whole-heartedly by the entire country. In view of the unwavering determination of the Rumanians to maintain their freedom, the Soviets decided to employ the most drastic means. . . . Two weeks after Yalta, on February 27th, 1945, Mr. Vyshinsky arrived hurriedly in Bucharest. From the station he went directly to the royal palace, and, banging his fist on the table, demanded that within two hours Radescu and his government be dismissed, and a Communist government, the members of which were named by Vyshinsky, be appointed. In the meantime, the Red Army had disarmed the Rumanian garrisons and taken control of the police force, patrolling the streets with tanks and mechanised units. I myself witnessed all this while, hunted by the M.V.D., I was wandering from place to place to avoid arrest." So much for the "freedom" which "the People's democracies" have gained under the Soviet régime; but Mr. Farcașanu has a postscript which is worth adding: "Notwithstanding the eight years of enslavement, the spirit of resistance is still alive in the Rumanian people. General Radescu, whom the Communists tried to assassinate, symbolises for his country that spirit of resistance and the hope of eventual freedom."

At first the most willing co-operators of the Russians, the Bulgars have provided increasing evidence, in the summary execution of "traitors" and "deviationists," and the number of Bulgarians escaping to foreign territory, how unbearable life has become in their own country. The recent Draconic law which proclaims as traitors, subject automatically to the death sentence, all escapees and refugees who would disobey its orders to return to Bulgaria, needs no amplification. In view of past history, Bulgaria, it is apparent, could find no particularly congenial company among Greeks, Turks, or Yugoslavs unless she was prepared to let bygones be bygones, and show a more accommodating spirit; but faced with—to her—a choice of two evils, the logical assumption would appear to be that she would choose the lesser. There would be national independence and freedom at least, and the value and sweetness of these is beyond measure. And were she to overcome her hitherto insatiable territorial demands—an "opening on the Ægean," for one—she would

find a readiness for friendly co-operation on the part of her neighbours. Any need which Bulgaria feels for trading facilities on the Aegean can be met adequately by a free port at Salonika, such as Greece was previously ready to concede, and similar to that once enjoyed by Yugoslavia, and likely to operate again in due course. The arms and aircraft which Russia has been pouring into the satellite countries, instead of providing a buttress to the ramparts of the Soviet Union, may well, with the modern training which has been given in their use, prove something of a boomerang should the circumstances get beyond the control of the masters of the Kremlin, as may conceivably happen. No power on earth could hold a united, inflamed, and armed Balkans down indefinitely, if at all. The mountain fastnesses speak their own defiance of powerful invaders.

The tripartite pact is different from all previous alliances between Balkan states since it is far less liable to be undermined by the ambitions of Great Powers. There is one weakness, however, in the cleavage over Trieste between Yugoslavia and Italy, whom the Balkan partners are anxious to see adhere to their defensive arrangements. It is essential for the security of both countries, and the defence of Western Europe as a whole, that they should act together to defend the strategic area—the "Ljubljana gap"—that leads through the territory of both from the Danube to the North Italian plain. Unhappily, it is not only Trieste which is souring the relations of Italy and Yugoslavia. The Italians are apprehensive about the ultimate fate of Albania, despite Greek and Yugoslav assurances that they have no designs on the territorial integrity of that small nation, and Greece's declaration that she will seek adjustment of her claims in regard to Northern Epirus within the framework of existing treaties and international machinery. Tito, in a recent speech to his own countrymen, alleged that Signor de Gasperi opposed the Balkans Pact because of Italy's "imperialistic designs" concerning Albania. Nevertheless, Athens got a very different impression of de Gasperi during his visit to the Greek capital, and if some skilful statesmanship is brought to bear from both London and Washington on the problems of Trieste and Albania, there is no reason why difficulties should not eventually disappear in the interests of the free world as a whole. At present, Trieste stands as a much more intractable problem than that of Albania; if the legitimate Greek claim to Northern Epirus were met, the United Nations could guarantee the independence of the rest of Albania with complete satisfaction to Italy's fears. In the long run, partition may be the only feasible solution in Trieste, and in his most recent speech, Tito again hints at the possibility of Yugoslavia accepting a condominium. Yugoslavs, and Italians who are non-Communists, have to face the reality of this dangerous age and, like Greeks and Turks, decide that either they will stand together, or they must hang together from a Soviet gibbet. So far, the willingness of Italy to co-operate in defence of the Balkans and the Mediterranean generally is apparent in the visit of General Tsigulis and seven other Greek officers to Italy's N.A.T.O. forces deployed along the Alpine frontier with Austria and Yugoslavia. One of the purposes of the mission was to take stock of the problems entailed in the defence of the Ljubljana gap.

Sir Winston Churchill is among those Western statesmen who fully realise the importance of the new Balkans understanding and agreement—"a most important development." "These nations," he told the Commons, "are on the right flank of the front in Europe, and their agreement greatly strengthens the whole system of allied defence. It also has reactions on the defence of the Middle East which are highly beneficial." It is not merely, as Western diplomats believe, that the Graeco-Turkish-Yugoslav agreement will act as a magnet to attract the Soviet satellites; military experts take the view that, in the hypothetical event of war, the best allies would be the three signatories concerned, not the Arab states. On the suggestion that bases in the Middle East in a future war would be best disposed farther north than Suez, the question which follows as a corollary is naturally: What would be the effect on the Egyptians if they came to realise that the Arab States were no longer the strategic key to the Middle East? Certainly, Arabs and Egyptians have taken very serious notice of the military alliance between their comparatively powerful Near East neighbours, and the repercussions may be far-reaching indeed.

All that having been said, however, the way of Balkans, European and Middle East defence is still hard and stony, and will get nowhere unless Allied domestic and trade policies for the small countries concerned are concerted with the same vigour as military plans. Unemployment and hunger are still rife in Greece, and Communism will only be kept in check in the measure that economic help is forthcoming and Greece enabled to re-establish her export trade. It is encouraging to note with what cordiality the Greek Minister of Co-ordination, Mr. Spyros Markezinis, was received in Washington during his visit in May. An official statement after the talks gave the fullest assurances of America's continued help. Britain, despite her own difficulties, is able and ought to play a part in the rehabilitation of the Greek people, whose standard of living is far below that of the British population. Even if British connections with Greece have diminished as America's have increased, the British investment in security is no less. No one knows what Russia's ultimate intentions are. According to Malenkov, the last war delayed the development of Soviet industry for eight or nine years, and the changed attitude may mean nothing more than that Russia desires a breathing space to permit of her obsolescent plants and machinery being renewed. No one knows whether Lenin's prophecy of a "final bloody clash with the capitalist democracies" is still a part of the Russian Communist complex; but if time is gained for the men who rule the U.S.S.R., it is also gained for the Western world, and realities may yet prove too strong even for Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist ideas. I have already stressed that Russia is more concerned about the approaches to her own heartland than the points on the Far Eastern perimeter where she is waging war by proxy. The new look in the Balkans, with the passing of Stalin, may be proved by time to be the turning point in the prolonged and depressing cold war; a turning point which, with a contrite heart and spiritual earnestness on the part of the Western world, may lead on to permanent peace.

THOMAS ANTHEM.

DIPLOMATIC TWILIGHT

THE two words which form the title of Sir Walford Selby's recent very controversial publication* express—as he himself writes—"all he has to tell" about foreign policy between the two wars; but he attributes the decline in authority of the Foreign Office during that period almost exclusively to one cause—the interferences of Sir Warren Fisher. Certainly Sir Warren, rejoicing in the powers which the Treasury Minute of 1919 gave him by officially recognising him as Head of the Civil Service, used those powers extensively—much more extensively than it was intended that he should. Sir Austen Chamberlain signed the Treasury Minute as Chancellor of the Exchequer. When later he became Foreign Secretary he made it clear that he did not at all consider that the position of Head of the Civil Service gave its holder the right to appoint ambassadors or in any other way to influence foreign policy. But Sir Austen resigned in 1929; and after that, Sir Walford shows, Sir Warren Fisher lost no time in once more exercising all the authority he could. Nor is Sir Walford alone in this contention. In *The Ruling Few* Sir David Kelly—an unexceptionable witness—writes that Sir Warren Fisher was "intensely jealous" of the special position enjoyed by the Diplomatic Service, and that he managed to reduce the number of ambassadors who were admitted to The Privy Council. Major Legge-Bourke, in his Master of the Offices, adduces many examples of Fisher's exaggerated zeal. Lord Elibank, also from personal observation at close quarters, has testified to the same effect. That charge may be regarded as substantiated.

Where however Sir Walford Selby exaggerates is in pretending that Fisher used his influence politically against a policy of re-armament, and he even seems to associate Lord Vansittart in a pro-German policy. It is a pity that these unproved charges should have been made by a responsible diplomatist. The value of Sir Walford's book would have been greatly augmented if, instead, he had discussed some of the more general causes of the diplomatic decline of the Twenties and Thirties. After a war is over—however successfully—the British public always demands a scapegoat; and in 1919 they found one in the "Old Diplomacy." Mr. Lloyd George was there to set the tone. "Diplomats were invented to waste time," he exclaimed, and he preferred other advisers. He lost no opportunity of slighting Lord Curzon—who was not, certainly, a professional diplomatist, but he was Chief of the Foreign Office. The Prime Minister established his own Secretariat at the Horse Guards end of Downing Street and short-circuited the professional Foreign Servicemen. And his successors allowed Mr. Snowden, at The Hague, to pursue a policy on reparations of which The Foreign Office strongly disapproved, and allowed Mr. Montague Norman to have more say in our policy towards Germany than the Permanent Under-Secretary of State. And so on to the days of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who sent his friend Lord Runciman to Prague and made Sir Horace Wilson—totally unacquainted though he was with European affairs—his chief intermediary with Hitler. Sir Walford Selby himself was not always consulted when decisions had

*Sir Walford Selby. *Diplomatic Twilight*, 1930–1940. John Murray. 16s.

to be taken about Austria, though he was His Majesty's representative in Vienna; and when he was ambassador in Lisbon he found the safest way to make his views known at home was to send letters to influential friends or to compose memoranda and deliver them personally at the Foreign Office when he went home on leave. Lord Perth, when he was ambassador in Rome, was invited to attend the Stresa Conference, but was neither consulted on policy nor given anything of any importance to do. This continual belittling of the Foreign Service naturally tended to diminish both the respect in which it was held and its efficiency. The Foreign Secretary had nothing like the authority which had been customary in the days of Palmerston, Salisbury, Lansdowne and Grey.

The lowered prestige of Foreign Secretaries and diplomats was by no means confined to this country. The brilliant French ambassador in Berlin before the war, Monsieur François-Poncet (who has now come into his own as High Commissioner of his country at Bonn) records in his book *The Fateful Years* that he was never asked for advice by the Quai d'Orsay and only once was summoned to confer with the Foreign Minister in Paris, and then for a conference with other envoys from European capitals. He had no hand whatever, he says, in drawing up the notes he presented to the Wilhelmstrasse. And there never was a shrewder judge of Nazi intentions. Similarly in the British service not enough attention was paid to Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir Eric Phipps; and when Sir Walford Selby was taking a firm line on maintaining the independence of Austria he was weakened by the contrary impression created by Sir Nevile Henderson in Berlin.

This disarray among diplomatists was increased by the existence of The League of Nations, which at every turn offered an easy and hampering alternative to perplexed Prime Ministers. "Leave it to the League" was a catchword that sounded pleasant to the popular ear—though there was more than a cheap gibe in the phrase also often repeated that "the League touched nothing that it did not adjourn." A whole-hearted League policy might indeed have been effective. On the few occasions when its leading members were unanimous for action it proved immensely effective, as when the Council led by Sir Austen Chamberlain, Monsieur Briand and Herr Stresemann, checked an incipient war in the Balkans. But for the settlement of differences between the greater Powers themselves its helplessness was self-evident; only by the unanimity of the greater Powers could it ever take prompt political action. Some of the post-first-war problems had to be entrusted to the professional diplomatists. If they proved intractable, there was great temptation for them to hand them over to the League, and when the League could do nothing the diplomatists tried again. "Passing the buck" became a kind of diplomatic game which nobody ever won.

On the other hand, in financial and economic affairs the League of Nations did extremely valuable work. The first need in Europe was then—as it is now—economic restoration; and in that respect circumstances were far more favourable for the League than they are for U.N.O. League advisers could be, and were, sent to Hungary, Bulgaria, Austria, China and other countries shattered by war. They were experts who derived their authority not from one particular foreign Government but from an

international body to which the victim States themselves belonged. There was no question therefore of becoming the dependent of a powerful capitalist State. The loans made to them were League loans, backed by the common bond of sixty nations. The comparatively rapid recovery of Europe was a fine achievement of the League. And in China its services were even more remarkable. There it provided at one time or another British, German, Italian, French, Polish, Danish and Yugoslav specialists who re-organised the telephones, post office and communications; re-built roads, took anti-flood measures, introduced new hydraulic methods and helped to improve the educational system.

This work of restoration in the West and the East was the first necessity of the then post-war world, and its achievement by the League was another unintended blow to the prestige of the Old Diplomacy which was still reputed to have little acquaintance with international commerce and finance. Sir Walford Selby and his friends in the Foreign Office realized more quickly and acutely than some of their seniors the lack of a Commercial Department in the Foreign Office adequate to meet the demands of a new day. That has now been created. But its absence at a critical time of international reconstruction was one of the darkening influences in the period of diplomatic eclipse. Pure diplomacy came to be regarded as outmoded. Secrecy was derided. Covenants and treaties were to be "openly arrived at." Public opinion was what mattered. The Press counted more than the diplomats. The Man in the Street was the source of true wisdom. The Common Man's opinion was better than the expert's. And diplomatists were not only experts, they also preferred to do their business in secrecy. No wonder they were discredited. The Foreign Office became, in Sir Walford Selby's own words, a subject of complaint from Prime Ministers, the derision of the Press and public opinion, in short, a "byword of contempt in other Departments of the Government."

Strong language from one who had been Private Secretary to five successive Foreign Secretaries!—a record only approached in recent years by Lord Tyrrell, and equalled in span of years by Sir Eric Barrington, who was Private Secretary to four different Foreign Secretaries, with brief intervals, between 1885 and 1905. Sir Walford writes with strong personal feeling. His point of view is almost fiercely subjective. His book makes no attempt to survey the conduct of our foreign policy between the wars in a large way. In only one brief passage towards the end (on page 139) does he meagrely summarize the major developments which hampered the professional diplomatists. There is also only a passing reference to the reforms of 1943, which, among other benefits, removed members of the Foreign Service from the orbit of the Financial Secretary to The Treasury. Mr. Eden's reform scheme, carried through during the turmoil of war, has done very much to restore the authority of the Foreign Office, and deserves more notice than it gets in these pages.

Sir Walford Selby's book, however, is useful in establishing so clearly the fundamental point that the direction of foreign policy is the sole responsibility of the Foreign Secretary under the Prime Minister, and that an authoritative and efficient Foreign Office is the indispensable instrument of it. Ideally the union of the Premiership and the Foreign

Secretaryship is wholly desirable. But in modern conditions the burden has become too great, as the experience of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald showed. The next best thing is a combination like that of Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain, or we might today add between Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden, when the Foreign Secretary is supreme in his own field but enjoys the counsel, the trust and the backing of the Prime Minister.

This book is also valuable in providing intimate evidence of the actual working of the diplomatic machinery, whether well or badly. It gives us, for instance, a vivid picture of Sir Walford Selby, on leave in England from his Vienna post, hearing the news of the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss by Nazi agents. He was just back from a walk on the Sussex Downs. "I threw what I could hurriedly collect into my car and my wife drove me to London and to the Foreign Office. There I was greeted with the message that they wished me to return at once to Vienna. I told them I was ready to leave by the two o'clock train. I then conceived that I should be called into consultation; but I was kept waiting nearly 1½ hours by Sir John Simon (then Foreign Secretary) and stood in risk of missing my train. He was closeted with Sir Robert Vansittart; they were discussing the Austrian situation. When I did get in, Sir John seemed very agitated as to his prospects when confronted by an anxious House of Commons. I had only a few minutes' conversation with him. . . I never saw Sir Robert Vansittart at all. He did not trouble to consult me."

Yet Sir Walford was a shrewd judge of European affairs, as many of his letters and memoranda, here published, prove. In a long memorandum to Lord Tyrrell from Vienna in 1934 he wrote "Europe is nearer collapse today, even war, than at any time since 1914." And "Germany: on all recent manifestations of her policy we may assume Germany has not changed. She remains the same as in the years before the war—the Germany of Frederick the Great. War—an instrument of her policy." This timely warning was written one year only after Hitler had seized power in Berlin. Nobody would have agreed with it more than Lord Tyrrell, who had by then retired, or than Lord Vansittart, who was at the head of the Foreign Office. But the Foreign Office entirely failed to persuade the British people to accept this view. Too much of its failure to do so is attributed by Sir Walford to the activities of Sir Warren Fisher. Various large developments converged to produce the sad confusions of policy which the author so graphically describes. Many were the clouds that darkened the heavens of British statesmanship and cast diplomacy into the twilight.

A. L. KENNEDY.

THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION

FROM whatever angle it is viewed, the breakdown in Anglo-Egyptian talks on the Canal Zone is a tragedy. Leaving aside for the moment the military pros and cons, vital as they are, the real misfortune is surely that both the English and the Egyptians should ever have to find themselves in this cleft stick. This is an ideological age, and the ideological results of this *impasse* must be carefully considered, with all the inherent and obvious dangers. If England had had an inclusive ideology

in the best sense of the word, in 1882, when Arabi was defeated, in 1936 when the last Treaty was ratified, or even in October, 1951, when it was repudiated, things might have been different now. Many people would agree that the British have had certain powers of creating order and stability in other lands than their own, of setting up communications, producing good water supplies, founding administrative machinery that actually works, and holding up a standard of justice and integrity. In many an Eastern country budgets have been balanced, trains arrived at stations on time, and judgments had been given in favour of the poor man without a bribe, when the British had taken over. Where and how is it that we fail? Is it that in seeing good material fruits of our labour to hand an unconscious but none the less real superiority has set in? And in an atmosphere tainted with this, human relationships freeze and wither. The art of winning people's hearts can only be accomplished by freely giving of the heart in the first place. The very good itself in our achievements may have blinded us to this fact, and so we go on for years, doing the right thing in the wrong way, until sooner or later the people upon whom benefits are conferred feel like saying (and do say) "Go—take your military defences, your irrigation and roads, and schools and sanitation, but for heaven's sake go!" Then we find this attitude difficult to understand and stick in our toes.

During the first World War, some Turkish prisoners lived in huts near our house in Egypt. These men were set to cultivate land close by, and among other things, they raised a fine crop of onions. One morning every onion plant was found wilting. A bevy of agricultural specialists arrived, fearing some new plant epidemic. They gazed at the field and questioningly scratched their heads. They saw no sign of blight or disease. Suddenly, one expert pulled up a plant and found that there was no onion and no root, but just a bunch of leaves stuck in the ground. Plant after plant was pulled up and the same discovery made—nothing but leaves. The Turkish prisoners had thought one evening how nice an onion or two would be with their supper. Under cover of darkness they had consumed every single onion and had carefully replanted the leaves. The agricultural experts had at first sought here and there in their expert brains for the reason of this ailing crop, only to find a simple but fundamental reason. Its foundations were lacking. A broad-minded and highly educated Burmese lady once said of the British, "You have given us material improvements of every sort, you have given us freely of the fruits of your head and your hands, but you have not given us your hearts. So it is almost impossible for us to love you." It is a solemn thought that millions of past and present pinprick injuries to the spirit and souls of men and women are the things which eventually bear the harvest, and which become translated into terms of oil, military zones, or whatever it may be, without at their source having been that at all.

It is easy for us in Egypt to listen to the old peasant who strengthens himself up at the name of some past Englishman—Cromer or Kitchener—and who says with obvious sincerity, "Those were good days." as they have said to me. It is right and just that the old peasant should remember those days happily and with pride, but he is not necessarily the pointer

by which we should set our compass. Whether we like it or not, it is the young men in European suits who stream out of the university every evening and hang on to the back of the trams, laughing and joking; they are the pointers. What is going on in their heads should make us think. And the young women too. Their opinions may not be so complimentary, but behind the bluff, the immaturity and the exaggeration, it is good to try and understand some of the insecurity, hurt self-respect, frustration and bitterness that they have inherited. The emergence of a middle class in Egypt, to which this flood of young people and their parents belong, as do many army officers, is a comparatively recent growth. General Neguib himself is a remarkable example of this emergence. History has yet to pass verdict on his ultimate achievements, but whatever point of view is taken, no one could deny that his first year of office makes interesting study.

There is one side of the General's personality which has been given little prominence in the British press. In announcing the signing of the recent Pact concerning the Sudan, his opening sentence was "By God's help an agreement has been signed between the Egyptian and the British Governments." His personal life shows that those first three words mean much to him. A staunch Moslem, General Neguib is a far cry from some of the fanatical phenomena of the past, whose activities have inflamed without inspiring. A noteworthy incident took place last Christmas. The General attended a Coptic Christmas Eve mass at one of Cairo's leading churches, where he was given a great welcome by the crowds outside who had waited hours in the cold to see him, and within by the Bishop, Patriarchal Vicar, and members of the Coptic Community. At the close of the service, General Neguib said "I am carrying out a sacred duty by participating with my children and Coptic fellow citizens in this happy feast. We greet this feast with joy because we know the high tradition of Christ, the aim of whose message is love and peace. All I hope is that everyone will carry out his duty towards religion and the Motherland. I thank the Reverend Fathers for their sermons and advice, which have filled me with happiness and pride. Our country has faith now in unity, discipline, and work." Neguib also attended a Jewish synagogue in Cairo and joined in the worship there, to which gesture the London Jewish community replied by letter of appreciation delivered to the Egyptian Embassy in London. This was the act of a man whose physical courage, apart from any other kind, well matched his convictions. Another little known fact is that General Neguib sent many friends a Christmas card with a picture of a mosque on one side and a church on the other, with wording below to indicate that both together could remake Egypt. This is significant less than a year after a Coptic priest was brutally murdered by the mob in Suez. It is interesting to note, in this respect, what a welcome General Neguib gave to Dr. Buchman, initiator of Moral Re-armament, when the latter passed through Egypt some months ago *en route* for India. Dr. Buchman was but overnight in Cairo, but Neguib spent that evening with him, and was at the airport at 8 a.m. next morning personally to wish him farewell. When Dr. Buchman expressed appreciation that anyone so busy could spare so much of his time, Neguib's reply was, "I always have time for anyone

who can help me in my task and who believes in God."

One man in the saddle can set a standard for a nation, but to preserve that standard many men have to change. A new climate has to make itself felt in nearly all strata of society. Scattered widely among rich and poor, the upright and honest are there in Egypt. There are young workers, black-coated and artisan, who have struggled valiantly against corruption at the heart of their work. There are simple peasants who have held tenaciously to the highest they know. There are men and women, young and old, from the privileged classes who have been genuinely distressed at the state of affairs. It is interesting to trace the origin of some of these sound Egyptians. They are often young shoots firmly grafted on to the old stock—the moral and spiritual qualities of Islam at its best. Of such are Hag Ahmed and his children. Hag Ahmed walked up the drive of our Cairo house once a week, whenever we were there, for about a quarter of a century. His wise kindly face was encircled above by a spotless white turban and below by a short clipped beard that just followed the line of his jaw and chin. His title of "Hag" showed that he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca. But he was not a fine preacher nor a professor of El Azhar. He did not visit us to propound religious truth or philosophy. He walked up our drive with such dignity each week to come and iron our clothes. And this he did superbly well. To Hag Ahmed, his Creator was ever-present. The Arab saying "God is nearer to you than your jugular vein" was very real to him. His faith was his ideology in the sense that it affected the quality of his work, his life, his character, and the atmosphere which he spread. When as a child I would look into the low window of his ironing room (an outhouse near the main house), whatever worries of childhood might be weighing on me at the time, they would soon dissolve as I passed the time of day with him, and unconsciously imbibed his peaceful cheerfulness. Outside where I stood, the sun was hot on the back of my bare legs, but I stuck my head through into the cool shade of Hag Ahmed's room as I chatted to him. The thump of his old-fashioned iron and the smell of clean linen has remained with me for life, synonymous with peace of soul. One day at the hour for Hag Ahmed's coming, no white-turbanned figure arrived. But instead, to our surprise, a dapper young man came up the drive in tarboush and gent's suit of dittoes. It was Ibrahim, Hag Ahmed's son. As he quietly set about his father's work, he told us how the old man had been taken ill on a country railway platform, a few days previously. Some friends had been with him, Ibrahim explained, and as they stood anxiously round him, where he lay on a bench, they saw his lips move. "Leave him," they whispered to each other, "he is talking to God." Old Ahmed just had the strength to lift a hand to his face, and with his own fingers he shut his own eyes, and peacefully died. Here was his son as a matter of course arriving to fill his place.

Hag Ahmed's three children are wholly modern. They were educated at government schools. The eldest son has chosen of his own will to follow his father's trade, and he brings to it all the aristocracy of service learned from his father. The youngest son has taken an Egyptian Government University degree and hopes to be sent on an educational mission to further his studies in England. The daughter is a qualified

teacher in a Government school. She has recently done a long spell of fine work at a school in a remote part of Egypt. Hag Ahmed has bequeathed character to his children. There are, however, other people who expect General Neguib's revolutionary change of system in the country to mean an immediate change of circumstances to their great personal advantage, in pocket or position. These have been the source of whispered criticism of Neguib. These are they who have not responded to his call, "From this day onwards there shall be no personal or party interests." One small critic, aged seven, had occasion to be reprimanded by her mother for a somewhat cheeky way of addressing her parents, to which she replied "This place is like a prison. I thought we turned out our king so as to have freedom. Where is this freedom?" Unfortunately most of the other Egyptian critics are not aged seven, and their complaints correspondingly are weightier. It is difficult at this stage to be prophetic about Anglo-Egyptian relations—what counsels on both sides will prevail, and whether at the eleventh hour a solution to difficulties can be found. But it is safe to say that the Gordian knot can now only be cut by some new inspired attitude on the part of either country which would alter the atmosphere rather than juggle the words. Some fundamental principle, such as "Not who's right, but what's right" when sincerely accepted can even in this age bring a magical change to bear on apparently insoluble situations.

MARY ROWLATT.

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

"**N**INETEEN-FIFTY-THREE will be a year of tremendous activity in Southern Rhodesia. Imposed on all the normal activity, the result of expansion in the development of the country, which expansion must go on, there will take place a Referendum on Federation, the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition and accompanying activities, including as the main feature the visit of Her Majesty The Queen Mother, accompanied by Her Royal Highness the Princess Margaret." This is an extract from the Prime Minister's message to the people of Southern Rhodesia at the New Year. It would therefore seem fitting at this time to glance back at the Colony's history up to the present time.

In the early days of white settlement in Southern Rhodesia gold mining was the chief aim, for this much over-rated metal was known to exist in many places. To this end the Chartered Company, then the Government, employed geologists to map out the gold-bearing reefs. Since then the output of gold steadily increased up to about 20 years ago; then it began to decline, and has continued to do so ever since, as the big mines were gradually worked out. The gold, though little use in itself, gave the purchasing power which the country specially needed at the time. Many former miners turned farmers, but they needed capital, and gold gave it. Little attention was paid to agriculture, the country's basic source of wealth, until about 1906, when the Government encouraged farmers to take up land. At that time maize was the chief crop, although many

others were found to be suitable for the soil and climatic conditions of the Colony. Cattle were found to thrive in most districts. Pedigree stock were imported because the owners wished to make money quickly, ignoring the fact that the chief role of cattle is to maintain the soil's fertility, not primarily for beef. Some became wealthy, but the result was increasing disease. Trade, however, demanded meat for export, and was not satisfied with the native and Afrikander breeds which, they said, were not the right shape or size for the Smithfield market. Consequently many of the imported cattle, having little power of resistance, succumbed to disease and poverty during the long dry seasons while the native cattle survived. The lesson from this was that ranching should be built up from the native or Afrikander stock; but it was not learned, except by those few cattle men to whose efforts the present prosperity of the cattle industry is largely due.

Rhodesian politicians say that Southern Rhodesia is not a suitable country for dairying; it is not a cattle country, but an agricultural one. But when it suits their policy, they say the reverse: that the Colony is essentially a pastoral country, but not suited for agriculture! Luckily, however, our leading farmers are not to be led astray by the opinions of politicians who know nothing about farming. The fact is, and it has been proved, that many parts of Southern Rhodesia are eminently suited for both dairying and many other branches of agriculture. That being so, it is a scandal that we should import so much of the food that could be grown locally. How can the people of Southern Rhodesia call themselves true Rhodesians when they get their bread (or the flour to make it) from Australia; butter and cheese from New Zealand; maize (on occasions) from the Argentine; rice from Burma and Nyasaland; fruit from the Union of South Africa; and a good deal of rubbish from America—especially patent breakfast cereals? One of the greatest mistakes the Government is making today is in allowing the importation of this food from abroad when almost all our food requirements can be grown on Rhodesian soil.

Another seemingly grave mistake in the Colony's administration is the unrestricted growing of tobacco which is now the most important export; its cash value per acre far exceeds that of any other crop. But this must be set off by the increased prices paid for other products—mainly food crops—which are neglected in the face of the spectacular profits made from tobacco. Selling tobacco to buy food (as is now being done) is not good business in the long run, especially as the bought food has to be imported, and much of it is preserved, processed or otherwise devitalised. Surplus money derived from tobacco should be used to promote the greater production of home-grown food, which the Colony sadly lacks today. Whatever the faults of the tobacco industry, it has been the means of putting many struggling farmers on their feet financially. Many young planters, after a year or so of tuition, have grown crops worth from £5,000 to £10,000 in one season, while older established growers have doubled these figures. If the money thus acquired (£17,500,000 last season, and more is expected in 1953) is used wisely, as in promoting the greater production of home-grown food and in the purchase of livestock with the establishment of permanent paddocks and water supplies for their

maintenance, then tobacco may be the stepping stone to times of permanent prosperity in Southern Rhodesia by stimulating the development of its immense natural resources.

One of the most important moves in this direction was the formation of the Natural Resources Board about eight years ago. This was an act of wise and far-seeing statesmanship, organised by a mere handful of Rhodesians who realised that vast quantities of precious soil and water were being lost every season by erosion. The trouble started mainly by the over-grazing of cattle, by careless methods of farming such as ploughing up and down hill, extensive tree cutting, etc. But it was at least ten years before this that soil erosion was seen to be a serious menace not only to farmers but to the whole country. It had been noticed by some of the older inhabitants that the rainfall was diminishing in certain districts, many vleis which formerly contained water through the dry season dried up, and rivers only flowed during the rainy season. Besides all this the water table was steadily subsiding. The late Sir Robert MacIlwaine was appointed Chairman of the Board, and the whole country is indebted to him for the conservation work which is now going on all over the country for the benefit of posterity.

The results of this work may be seen in many parts of the Colony today. The whole country has been divided up into "conservation areas," each in charge of a conservation officer whose duty it is to prevent soil erosion by whatever means are available. Many dams, big and small, have been built in suitable places, and extensive irrigation can now be carried on where formerly there was no water for this purpose. Hundreds of miles of contoured earth banks to check run-off may be seen in most districts. Also experiments in the breeding of soil-holding grasses are in progress. The result of all this work is of incalculable value; even in its comparatively early stages, it has checked the previous rush of silt-laden water into the rivers during the rains, and has thus raised the water table. In this respect Southern Rhodesia, considering its small white population, leads the whole world; and this is largely due to the generous and expert advice on anti-erosion measures from the United States.

It will be recognised that without an abundance of native labour little progress could have been made, such as has been discussed, and it should be realised that Southern Rhodesia is, in a certain sense, a big experiment in the administration of a country with a mixed population of Europeans and Africans, in the proportion of about one to twenty, respectively. Southern Rhodesia is thus unique among British Colonies and Dominions. Has the experiment proved a success? Opinion is divided on this question. Many regard the Colony as essentially a black man's country and say we should get out; others maintain that the native should be segregated, to develop in his own way, independent of the white man. Others, again, are in favour of allowing the native to mix freely with the white population in his capacity as a worker, but not socially; that he should receive technical education to make him more efficient as a worker, and that the bulk of the native population should be relegated to the Reserves, while those who come out to work be confined to the compounds near the towns where they can enjoy the amenities of civilisation: brick houses, water sanitation, etc. It is generally agreed that the native should not

be "kept back," and that he should develop in his own way, and not be forced to adopt the white man's way of living; there are some, of course, who would educate him according to European standards, in which case, as has been proved, he would develop little of the white man's virtue and much of his vice—as may be seen in "detribalised" natives about the towns.

It may well be asked: Has contact with the white man benefited the native? In a purely material way, undoubtedly it has; and in regard to the general development of the Colony it is true that many natives have become efficient workers and skilled artisans. For instance in the building trade; many too are competent drivers of tractors and transport vehicles—all of which has contributed largely to the expansion of industry. Has contact with the native benefited the white man? Industrially, it has; but morally, not so. The European tends to deteriorate, becoming too reliant upon the services of the native, thus relieving him of many activities which he would have to perform in his own country; this is specially noticeable in the youthful part of the community. Here we have an argument for the complete segregation of the native. But what of the white man? Must he carry on independently of the native and perhaps eventually leave the country for good? Against this there is the argument: We have the native and we must make the best use we can of him, for his own good and for that of ourselves. That seems to be the wisest course; but what is the best way to pursue it? That is the crux of the whole affair, and no doubt this will be fully discussed when the question of Federation or not with the North is to be decided.

One most important consideration in regard to the welfare of the native is his health; has this improved during the past 50 years of white administration? Generally speaking, yes. Such diseases as scurvy, beri-beri, elephantiasis, etc., have practically disappeared, but others have taken their place. Venereal disease and dental disorder have increased. In the matter of sanitation the native today is worse off than 50 years ago; he has been deprived of his former methods of sanitation and has not been given anything adequate to take its place. Formerly, in his tribal state, the native had his pigs, dogs and fowls to act as scavengers around his homestead, but now these primitive, though often very efficient means of sanitation, are no more. Consequently hookworm and bilharzia are rife, since there is little or no enforcement of sanitary regulations. This may seem a comparatively trivial point; but it is not so, since the health and efficiency of the native is of the utmost importance if he is to supply the labour needed for future development. In regard to diet, despite greatly improved rationing by employers of natives, the average native is inefficiently fed. He copies the white man in his preference for certain foods, notably white bread and refined sugar; this alone causes a vast amount of preventable illness. Synthetic drinks, too, form a large part of his regime. Unless there is radical reform in these matters, the future generation of natives will be a poor lot and very inefficient workers.

The foregoing are some of the points in the Colony's history which are not likely to come to the notice of visitors at the Centenary Exhibition; there, the things most of all to the credit of the Colony will rightly be given prominence. Little has been said about industrial development; but this will no doubt be well represented at the Exhibition to be held in Bulawayo,

although the exhibits will be mainly cultural and political rather than commercial. As to education, the Colony's education system is no doubt of a very high order, and compares favourably with that of any other civilised country; but, like most education of today, it is mainly forced instruction, and mostly materialistic. For instance, only a small section of the youths leaving school know anything about the basic principles of life which comes to us through the soil—from the cosmos. That seems to be something completely beyond their grasp; yet most of them can tell you a good deal about the mechanism of a motor-car, or at least show a lively interest in anything mechanical. But this need not be, if we had teachers to enlighten them—in an elementary way of course—about the spiritual powers behind the material world. How many schoolboys know anything about food values or the correct treatment of disease? Not even young men entering the medical profession know this. It is all to the good that more boys than formerly are being trained for agriculture and forestry, but the number might well be increased if agriculture were made more attractive financially. People grudge the money for good food, but pay the chemist exorbitant prices for curative drugs; the farmer in many instances is denied adequate prices for the fresh food he provides, which is far more efficient for maintaining health than any drug in the pharmacopoeia. Is this logic or common-sense? Finally, let it be realised that the pressing need of Southern Rhodesia today is not simply industrial expansion, Federation or Dominion Status, but for health-giving, home-grown food—not to be processed for export, but to be consumed by Rhodesians. In this way economy would be effected, the cost of living reduced and, most important of all, there would be better health, clearer thinking and greater ability to tackle the problems that lie ahead.

G. C. WATSON.

Hartley, Southern Rhodesia.

BISHOP COLENSO OF NATAL

THE centenary of the consecration of John William Colenso as Bishop of Natal recalls a controversial figure of Victorian times: a Christian who questioned the authority of the Bible, and a white man who questioned the justice of his own government's action towards a native race. With him both protests came from the same source—a passionate devotion to truth, with which there went a Victorian conviction that it was bound to prevail; that is, that men wanted to know facts and when they knew them could not but act upon them—a proposition no longer as self-evident as it then appeared to be.

Colenso was a Cornishman. Born at St. Austell in 1814, he was the second son of a mineral agent who had lost money in tin-mining. At a Mr. Glubb's school in Dartmouth, where he went as pupil-teacher, his outstanding ability was recognised and he was encouraged to apply for a foundation-sizarship at St. John's, Cambridge. The economy he had to observe and the time he had to spend on editing textbooks and taking pupils wore down his health—he wrote home that he was "wist as a winnard"—and his tutor appealed to his parents for some relief that

would enable him to get the good class he deserved. An uncle undertook to make a loan, and in 1836 Colenso passed out Second Wrangler and second Smith's Prizeman. He took orders and was elected a Fellow of St. John's, but gave up his fellowship and was appointed to the living of Fornett St. Mary in 1846 on becoming engaged to Sarah Bunyon—appropriate partner for Mr. Valiant-for-Truth.

He did not enjoy the profits from his highly successful arithmetic books—the bane of Victorian schoolrooms—as he had to dispose of the copyright, £2,400, in order to pay off the debts incurred on his education and to help his family. While at Fornett he went into the questions then agitating the religious world and took up his own position in regard to them. He was an ardent supporter of F. D. Maurice in his "advanced" doctrinal ideas. They appealed both to his speculative cast of mind and to the gentle humanity of his nature. As a father he revolted against the current teaching on eternal punishment and hell fire. He wrote to a friend about his daughter, then aged five and a half: "The truth is, I cannot bring myself to set before her little mind the terrifying doctrines which are to be found inculcated in some of Watts' Hymns for little children."

As a token of his personal admiration for Maurice and his indignation at the persecution which had forced him to resign his professorship at King's College, he dedicated a volume of sermons to him, and also in an open letter to the Primate answered some of the charges made against him by *The Record*.

In 1853 Colenso was offered the Bishopric of Natal, a diocese carved out of Cape Town with the Bishop there for Metropolitan, but still coming under the Province of Canterbury and, therefore, the jurisdiction of the Church of England as by law established—a point on which much was to turn later. It might be thought that a mathematical scholar with a bent for theological speculation was not the man for the mission field, but to Colenso it was a call with thrilling prospects; he considered himself selected for special service. And indeed he put his abilities to good account: he learnt Zulu from the natives and in turn taught them how to write it down and showed them how to print their own grammar and a dictionary on a press sent out from England. He also showed an unexpected practical ability: hewing wood and carrying water with the humblest workers in order to add to the one-roomed hut that was his Palace. From the first he and his wife loved the natural beauty of the place, and the Bishop chose his study to face one of the three sides of the Natal Table Mountain that rose "like a majestic altar, always peaceful and benignant." He soon established such good relations with the native chiefs that they were willing to entrust their sons to him for education, and he was also on excellent terms with the white settlers. No doubt they were surprised and pleased to have a Bishop among them who did not mind soiling his hands, and who, Cambridge Fellow though he had been, was not "stuck up" about his learning. He could often be seen lying full length on the ground explaining the stars of the Southern Hemisphere to an entranced audience.

Some of the missionaries, however, were shocked that he did not back them up in their sweeping condemnation of native customs. With regard

to polygamy, for instance, he considered that more harm resulted from turning off a convert's extra wives to virtual starvation in the *kraal* than by allowing them to be retained, provided it was made clear that no others must be taken on. Again, with regard to native festivals, he believed in turning them to good account. Of the Feast of First Fruits he wrote: "This has undoubtedly a right meaning at the bottom . . . our wisdom will surely be in accordance with the sage advice of Gregory the Great to adopt such as are really grounded on truth and restore them to their right use, or rather raise them in the end still higher by making them Christian celebrations."

His gift of patient exposition had full play with his Zulu pupils. One at a time they would come to sit on a stool beside him in his library to read the Bible story and put it into their own language as he explained it. Taken simply and slowly, *de novo*, like this by minds that had "the simplicity of children, but withal the earnestness and thoughtfulness of men," certain passages normally taken for granted needed explanation. How did slavery come to be tolerated by the white man's God, and the vindictiveness of Jehovah admired, when all Christian teaching was opposed to it? Certain patent absurdities could not be glossed over—the number of animals crowded into the Ark, or the amount of people who had to be fed on the corn brought by ten asses from Egypt. The ordinary pulpit explanations were unsatisfactory; the Bishop had to look into the Bible again for himself. As a result, he published in 1861 his *Commentary on the Romans*, and in 1863 the first part of his *Critical Examination of the Pentateuch*. The fact that his researches had been inspired by the "intelligent Zulu" gave rise to the current limerick:

A Bishop there was of Natal
Who took a Zulu for his pal.
Said the Kaffir, "Look here,
Aint the Pentateuch queer?"

And converted the Lord of Natal.

Attacks on Colenso were bitter and widespread: he was called "blasphemer," "heretic," "instrument of Satan." Bishop Gray held a "trial" at Capetown and excommunicated him—an action approved by the Lower House of Convocation in 1865. Countless replies poured from the presses: one engagingly called "Moses Right, Colenso Wrong." Charles Kingsley was among those who published his own Sermons with a Preface dedicated to Dean Stanley in which he referred to "that book": "I found that book if not always read, yet still talked and thought of on every side among persons whom I should have fancied careless of its subject and even of its existence, but to whom I was personally bound to give some answer as to the book and its worth."

On Colenso's head broke the storm that had been gathering since the publication of the advanced *Essays and Reviews*, and F. D. Maurice's *Theological Essays*. The disturbances then had been comparatively local, confined to interested parties, ecclesiastical authorities, and the religious press, but over Colenso laymen as well felt themselves involved. That devout High Anglican, Charlotte M. Yonge, made the children in the *Pillars of the House* refuse to do their sums out of Colenso's *Arithmetic* as they could not be expected to come out right since they were set by a

heretic. And in Cuthbert Bede's *Muttons and Mattins*, the Parish Clerk, Mr. Dibbs, lumps together Bishop Colenso and steam ploughs as innovations of the devil: "they be all of a piece: *Essays and Reviews*, and posturings and monkeries and goin' dead agen the scriptures."

Colenso had his supporters: the British Association, when Sir Charles Lyell was President, cheered him to the echo when he appeared at their meetings in Bath in September, 1864, and opponents who met him personally had to acknowledge his honesty and his courage—with the exception of Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, "Soapy Sam," who had preached the sermon at his consecration, and now refused to return his greeting when they met in the street. F. D. Maurice was one who let him down: not only did he refuse support or sympathy, but he went out of his way to declare that Colenso held "the accursed doctrine that God has nothing to do with nations and politics"—a peculiarly inept accusation that could only come from a mind tortuously turned in upon itself. Of other prominent churchmen, Dean Stanley showed himself fair-minded and chivalrous. Although he regretted the controversy, he admired Colenso's sincerity and, intolerant of intolerance, refused the use of the Abbey to the Conference of the Anglican Episcopate called in 1867 at the instance of the Canadian Synod, with the main, though unavowed, intention of upholding Bishop Gray's sentence. Later, when Colenso was over in England to intercede with the Colonial Office on behalf of Chief Langalibalele, Stanley invited him to preach in the Abbey—an offer and a refusal to accept which does credit to both men. Stanley felt that Colenso was being persecuted because he was "unfriended and absent": an aspect of the matter on which Thackeray dashed off another limerick:

This is the bold Bishop Colenso
Whose heresies seem to offend so.
Quoth Sam of the soap,
"Bring faggot and rope,
For we know he aint got no friends, O."

Dean Stanley may also be quoted in answer to a current sneer at Colenso repeated again only recently in Dr. Alec Vidler's book, *The Theology of F. D. Maurice*. Referring to the storm produced by the clash between scientific discoveries and traditional Biblical history, he goes on to say, "It raged with a special ferocity in South Africa, where Bishop Colenso of Natal, though he seems to have spent much of his time in England, was busily occupied in exposing the incredibility of the pentateuchal narrative." The injustice of this had been enough in 1881 to stir Stanley from his habitual urbanity into an indignant protest at an S.P.G. meeting. "The Bishop of Natal," he declared, "is the one colonial bishop who has translated the Bible into the language of his diocese. He is the one colonial bishop who, when he believed a native to be wronged, left his diocese and journeyed to London and never rested till he had procured a reversal of that wrong. He is the one colonial bishop who, as soon as he had done this, returned immediately to his diocese and his work. . . ."

In Natal his congregation, led by Sir Theophilus and John Shepstone, stood loyally by him. When he returned there, hundreds of whites were on the quay to cheer him and a boatload of his Zulu converts put out to

sea—an element they hated—to be the first to greet him. "Well, my Lord, we've come through water to you, as you've come through fire and water to us." Colenso took the ex-communication issue to the Privy Council, where Bishop Gray was over-ruled, but Dean Green refused to accept this, and there had to be further legal action to force him to open the Cathedral to the Bishop. When Macrorie was appointed he could make no headway against Colenso's personal popularity, but some of the clergy were obliged to support him, since the S.P.G. withdrew its grants to those who did not accept the ex-communication. To this day Crockford's refuses to acknowledge the Erastian victory, and lists Colenso among Bishops of Natal as (deposed).

The "discoveries" made by Colenso are now a dead issue: even at the time they were commonplaces of the German Higher Criticism which had been largely ignored in England, partly on account of a temperamental distaste for speculation, and partly from a subconscious fear of what might happen to the edifice if the foundations were pulled out for inspection. To Colenso it mattered intensely that the foundations should be sound: only so could men come to true belief and the seeming opposition of science and religion reconciled. For him facts had to be true, for "he lived at a time when such accuracy was assumed to be essential to their spiritual authority," as it has been recently put by a Dale Lecturer, Dr. H. G. Wood, with the inference that today truth to fact can be bypassed as irrelevant. Colenso could not have accepted that.

"I was ever a fighter, so one fight more" . . . The next battle was to be on an issue at first sight unrelated to theological argument, but to Colenso's mind equally necessary for proving the truth of his beliefs: it was a test of Christianity in action. He had been disquieted over the treatment of Chief Langalibele and had secured him some redress. Stirred by this, his conscience—that intellectual conscience which had to find out facts for itself—impelled him to go and see a chief nearer home about whom lurid stories were being put about—Cetewayo of Zululand. He trekked off to his *kraal*, where he formed the opinion that Cetewayo was not the monster he was made out to be, either in the justice he meted out to his own people, or in his intentions of launching an attack upon Natal with his powerful *impis*. The Transvaal was another matter: here he maintained that the Boers had encroached on Zululand (a conclusion supported at the time by Shepstone and later by an independent tribunal). The annexation of the Transvaal, which Colenso disapproved, meant that the territorial question was transferred to Britain—and Shepstone changed his mind on it.

As tension increased, the Bishop's championship of Cetewayo lost him white support: Sir Henry Bulwer, the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, was courteous but unconvinced, while Sir Bartle Frere, sent out by the Colonial Office to put through confederation, had no time for him. Only Colonel Durnford remained loyal; a young man who had proved himself a brilliant leader of native troops he could not be stampeded by prejudice. To Frere the removal of the Zulu threat to Natal and the achievement of confederation, with himself as the first Governor-General, went hand in hand. The late Sir Reginald Coupland in his book on the battle of Isandhlwana, *Zulu Battle Piece*, for all his admiration of Bulwer's

high qualities, admits that upon him must rest the main responsibility for the Zulu war; his policy deliberately provoked it. Coupland pays tribute to Colenso, saying "that he was as earnest and forthright in his championship of native rights as in his controversy with his fellow churchmen on the historical validity of the Pentateuch." He omits, however, to make any reference to the Bishop's action after Isandhlwana, when he asked permission to go up with a working party, unguarded, to bury the dead. Lord Chelmsford, the Commander-in-Chief, refused, on account of the danger he considered would be involved, but at home even the hostile *Times* could not forbear to cheer: "At all events Dr. Colenso could not give a more practical proof of his readiness to put his confidence in his Zulu friends to the test."

In his summing up of the evidence, Coupland vindicates Durnford, on whom Chelmsford contrived to lay the blame for the disaster at the subsequent enquiry. His death in the battle was a great personal loss to Colenso. Alone he had to fight for some justice for Cetewayo and the Zulus after their ultimate defeat by the superior white forces (there is a familiar touch in the Bishop's protest that Gatling guns were too fearful to be used in fighting). He obtained permission for Cetewayo to go to England to lay his case before the Colonial Secretary, Lord Kimberley, and he pulled strings by which Queen Victoria invited the Chief to Osborne. She comes out of the whole shabby affair far better than her advisers of any party: Gladstone's lukewarmness was a great disappointment to the Bishop.

But such promises of restitution as were made to Cetewayo in London were not implemented in South Africa: his restoration was a farce, with all real power in the hands of the notorious white adventurer, John Dunn. The Zulus as a tribe were ruined. Annexation inevitably followed in 1897. Worn out with his struggles, Bishop Colenso died on June 20th, 1883. There is a curious memorial window to him in the Parish Church of his native St. Austell: it shows Christ charged before the High Priest, with the text under it, "He hath spoken blasphemy," and yet the dedication is to John William Colenso, D.D., and has no mention of his title of Bishop. Ironically, we may take as the best epitaph on Colenso a passage from Bishop Wilberforce's sermon: "You need boldness to risk all for God: to stand by the truth and its supporters against men's threatenings and the devil's wrath . . . you need patient meekness to bear the galling calumnies and false surmises."

R. GLYNN GRYLLS.

IMPRESSIONS IN GREENLAND

IT is a wonderful thing to see in southwest Greenland how the old Viking farms of medieval times have come to life again. Grassy slopes where sheep roamed and Norsemen made their hay in the Middle Ages have been peopled in the last fifty years by Greenlanders and their flocks; and after four hundred years of solitude and silence farming has come again. Here in southwest Greenland was the farthest outpost of the Norse world: and it was here the Vikings sailed from Iceland in the tenth and eleventh centuries to found this, the most remote, of their colonies. The ruins

of their leader's homestead can still be seen: Brattahlid, where Erik the Red settled, is a sheltered strip of coast near the head of Skovfjord, which he and his son (Leif the Lucky, discoverer of America) and their descendants farmed until the communities finally disintegrated at the end of the fifteenth century. Today there are sheep there again: fourteen Greenlandic families have built their houses where Erik the Red lived with his entourage. There sheep graze among the ruins of medieval byres and houses; at every turn the authoritative stone mark of the Archeological Commission rises from the ground to mark an ancient site, and the first of the modern Greenlandic settlers has named his son Erik the Red—after the former tenant. Kassiarsuk is what they call this farming colony nowadays. Over in the next fjord and near its head is Gardur, the home in earlier times of the Norwegian bishops of Greenland. It is one of the greenest, most habitable places in the land and it too has been resettled, this time by a clan of a hundred and fifty Greenlanders whose sheep and cows graze where the Norse flocks were before them.

The old sites the Norsemen used are so obviously the best ones for farming. The Norsemen sailed up the fjords from the outer coast and chose the sheltered hollows near the heads of the fjords, where there were gentle slopes, grass and a stream and where the slightly warmer summers and earlier springs were more favourable to haymaking; there are not many such places even in the southwest of Greenland. There settlements were in two groups, Vestribygd and Eystribygd (West and East Settlements), which correspond nowadays to the Godthaab and Julianehaab Districts of southwest Greenland. In both, the Greenland administration of the Danish government has set up sheep breeding stations in this century, but it is in the latter, Julianehaab district that the successful and really amazing development has taken place. When the Sheep Station was founded first in 1915 the Greenlanders were slow to take up farming as a full time occupation, though ready enough to keep a small flock as a side line. The reason was that the Greenlanders were seal hunters and taking up sheep farming meant moving away from the outer coast and the sealing grounds among the ice floes, to a sheltered farm site up near the head of one of the fjords.

It has taken time for them to see that man can live by sheep alone, but by now there are thirty full time Greenlandic farmers. They have all, without exception, settled on old Viking farm sites, sometimes with the ruins of the Norse tenant's house walls just in front of their own sitting room windows. Indeed it is difficult to see how modern farming could have developed at all without the Norsemen's help, for the Greenlander, handicapped as he is by lack of capital and machinery, can take his hay from the fields the Vikings cultivated, whereas he could not yet hope to clear the land and make fields himself. Kassiarsuk has been the first and greatest of the Sheep Station's colonising ventures and was begun in 1924. In addition to the fourteen families in the central part on Erik the Red's homestead, there are another eleven farms strung out singly along the neighbouring coast and in a verdant valley behind the main settlement. Not all the families have been successful in making the change from sealing and fishing to farming. There is an obvious difference between killing animals for food and keeping them domesticated, and

sheep farming further requires a great deal of hard work from a man and some of it, such as haymaking or clipping several hundred sheep, is, in direct contrast to hunting, very monotonous. It requires planning too. A sheep farmer must plan how many sheep he will keep through the winter and base his estimate on how much hay he can get in and how many sheep that hay will feed; in turn, on the number he sends to slaughter depends his income for the year—the money available for food, clothing and tobacco. Many of the Greenlanders in Kassiarsuk have gone straight out from Julianehaab without training and with no other experience than their own hunting and fishing life. Some have not been able to organise their work, many have been desultory in the matter of haymaking and others have succumbed to an easy temptation in the winter and eaten too many sheep; a few have made excellent farms with flocks of 200—400 sheep.

Living as they do in Kassiarsuk among the ruins of the earlier settlers, it is not surprising that the Vikings have become a part of their supernatural beliefs. There was an old Greenlander of the present time in Kassiarsuk who on one occasion left his house and went off up into the mountains. He was away three days with no food and his family wondered what had become of him. When he came back he was utterly convinced that he had met the Norsemen. He had seen them in the mountains and had talked to them; he described them—particularly their beards. This was a feature a Greenlander would notice for they do not themselves grow much face hair; the Eskimo word for Norsemen or Norwegians is simply "bearded." One meets similar tales in Iceland where the Norse farms have continued in unbroken line to the present day.

In Igaliko (Greenlandic for Gardur) they have a more tangible connection with the past. In the very centre of the present day settlement where the houses encroach on the ancient cathedral ruins, the skeletal remains of a Norwegian bishop were excavated in 1926. The episcopal ring was on his finger and in his hand was his bishop's staff of ash. He was thought to date from the thirteenth century. After removal to Copenhagen for examination, the remains were re-interred in their former resting place among the cathedral ruins and inscriptions on a stone tablet record his burial in the Danish and Eskimo languages. People in later times were not slow to appreciate the value of the site the Norwegian bishops had chosen and as early as 1784, Gardur (or Igaliko) was resettled. This was then the only settlement away from the outer coast, and was made by a Dane. Anders Olsen had founded two Danish Colonies during his lifetime's work for the Danish government on the West Greenland coast, and when he retired he took his Greenlandic wife up Igaliko fjord to settle on the old Viking site and farm cows and sheep. The sheep were a failure but Anders Olsen's descendants have kept cows and combined that occupation with seal hunting right up to the present day. And when the Sheep Station was founded in this century, they quickly took up sheep farming again, and this time with great success. There are now 25 families in Igaliko and they enjoy a higher standard of living than most other Greenlanders. Their houses are built solidly of stone, clean and airy. Their diet, with mutton, milk, eggs and vegetables, is far more nutritious than the usual Greenlandic diet of rye bread, margarine, ships

biscuits and codfish. The people, after six generations of these advantages, and also due to their Danish ancestry, are bigger, sturdier and healthier than the average Greenlander. They have their own style of humour too. The Norse remains indicate much greater buildings than the Greenlanders have ever seen and it must have been with a certain dryness of humour that they renamed Gardur (*Igaliko*), the old kitchen.

Not all the Greenlandic sheep farmers are so happy about the Viking ruins. Their interests are more practical than academic, and one, more articulate than the rest, recently wrote to the *Greenland Post* to complain. Authority forbids them to move the stones of any Viking ruins, regardless of whether it is Gardur's cathedral or some insignificant Norse settler's byre. The Greenlandic farmer complained that the regulation was causing great inconvenience, that the ruins were always on the best sites, just where they wanted to build their houses and outhouses and interfered with grazing. Well might this particular man complain, for the path from his own farmhouse down to the water's edge has to make a semi-circular detour right round a pile of stones that represents a former Viking home. The sheep farming was very different in medieval times from what it is now. In the Viking period the sheep were kept for their milk. They had also larger numbers of cows than now, but the meat eaten (according to archeological finds) was mainly seal. In these times the Vikings most probably did as their cousins in Iceland, that is they penned their sheep each night apart from the lambs and milked them in the morning. The milk yield would vary very much through the year and would be especially low in winter because of the difficulty of supplying enough winter fodder. Milk in preserved forms was a staple of their diet. Butter, as in Iceland, could be "kept" for years and relished in the sour state and a sour milk dish, *skyr*, was made and preserved in barrels. Fish they could get from the sea, but probably they rarely, if ever, tasted bread. Grain crops ripen only very exceptionally in southwest Greenland. They had to supply themselves with everything for communications were spasmodic and uncertain. The women spun and wove cloth from their sheep's wool on home made looms, remains of which have been excavated. The houses in which they worked were of local stones solidly packed together with turf and sometimes a metre thick. Their isolation from the rest of the world was nearly complete and on their own homesteads they were self-sufficient.

It is very different nowadays. The sheep are kept for mutton, only part of which is for consumption on the farm, and the greater part of the surplus is sold to slaughter each autumn at the factory of the Royal Greenland Trading Company. Smoked, canned and frozen mutton is exported to all the Colonies along the coast of Greenland to Denmark, while the sheep farmer has a cash income with which to buy clothes from the trading store and food to supplement the meat and vegetables he has on his own farm. There is nothing today corresponding to the big chieftains with their vassal farmers of Norse times. Instead the farmers and part time farmers combine in a Sheep Breeder's Association with an elected President, Secretary and so on following the European pattern. This Association of Greenlanders has its own duplicated periodical and is a sign of growing independence. The big difficulty which has confronted

the sheep farmers, both Norse and Greenlandic, is to keep the animals alive through the winter, to provide adequate shelter and fodder for them through the cold and snowy weather. If one judges from the ruins, the Norsemen looked after their animals better than the Greenlanders do today, a circumstance one might expect for the Norsemen had generations of European training behind them. Among the ruins, stalls for the animals are numerous and are bigger and better built than the houses for the people themselves. Many of the stalls were for cows, which gave a much larger yield of milk for dairy purposes, and it is in some ruins possible to recognise a hay barn adjacent to the stall for animals. It was absolutely necessary to collect hay and supplementary fodder for the cows, for whereas sheep can forage for themselves and frequently survive a winter out of doors, cows, which are more delicate, must always be kept inside for feeding.

There is an interesting climatic connection between these times and the present. It is thought that in Viking times the Greenlandic climate was milder than in the modern period, and a milder climate, in these latitudes means a wetter, snowier climate, which makes conditions more difficult for sheep, and it is then all the more important to provide them with stalls. But the experience of the last few decades indicates that winters are again becoming milder. There has been rain in December in the last ten years.

It would therefore seem that it is now becoming especially important to take great care of the animals in winter and that the Greenlanders should farm along Norse lines. But this is just where the Greenlanders are weakest. Though they do not kill domestic animals they have not yet learnt how necessary it is actively to take care of them, and only a few make adequate provisions of stalls and winter fodder. There are over 200 part-time Greenlandic sheep farmers who, living on the outer coast, combine keeping a few sheep with fishing cod and a little hunting, and they are really only just beginning to learn about the care of animals. But inland on the ancient farm sites one finds among the thirty full-time farmers a dozen or so extraordinary successes. And there are more uninhabited inland sites waiting for Greenlanders with the pioneer spirit. Visiting such a solitary farm, with its well built house of wood and the Viking ruins nearby, its homefield and vegetable garden, the sheep stalls and the hayloft, the home made bread and butter and rhubarb jam and the talk of sheep round-ups, wool clips and the price of mutton, the similarity between these and the Icelandic farms which were founded by the same Noresemen is very impressive.

MARJORIE FINDLAY.

BISHOP BERKELEY

"When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter
And proved it, 'twas no matter what he said!"

THAT fleering quip of Byron's, though still quoted with appreciative amusement, has rather lost force in these days, when there is a considerable revival of interest in the good Bishop's life and philosophy, and when it may be frankly admitted that what he said—and still more what he meant—matters a good deal to modern seekers after abstract

truth. Two hundred years have passed since his dust was laid to rest in the Oxford Cathedral of Christchurch—the warm Irish heart at last, stilled, the fertile Irish imagination at last, quiescent. But his contribution to the world's sum of wisdom remains alive and active. The grave has not closed on his thoughts.

Born in 1685, in the pleasant valley of the river Nore, in the province of Wicklow, George Berkeley came of Anglo-Irish stock and of mainly bourgeois antecedents. His biographers have noted, however, a certain mystery about his birth, and have suggested that his father, William Berkeley (who was apparently a Customs Officer) may have been twice married and his eldest son George, as the fruit of an earlier and less satisfactory union, may have grown up, like one apart, in the family circle. An alternative suggestion is that William's wife was a Roman Catholic and did not conform to her husband's Protestant faith till after the birth of her eldest son, which would make George the issue of "a mixed marriage" and, in view of the intolerant conditions of the time, even throw some doubt on his legitimacy. But this is all conjectural and leaves us only with the curious fact that, despite his known warm-heartedness, the relations between Berkeley and his family seem hardly to have been cordial. At least, there is no record that, in his ripened youth, he ever re-visited his old home or even saw his parents.

It was at the age of eleven that the precocious and clever boy was sent to Kilkenny School, at which Swift had been one of the many illustrious pupils and which was known as "the Eton of Ireland." Here he remained for four years and then, at fifteen, "man-entered his pupil-age", in other words, matriculated (apparently, with phenomenal ease), at Trinity College, Dublin. Thirteen years were spent in this obscurely famous haunt of learning; at first as a student, and later as a member of the teaching-staff. The College, which had been founded by Queen Elizabeth and constituted the University of Ireland, diffused a scholarly atmosphere and upheld a scholarly ideal in the not very scholarly city; but it could hardly have enjoyed a great measure of scholarly serenity. Religious controversy was the order of the day and it was full of its tempestuous echoes. The conflict with Deism and the Deists was in full cry; and the headship of the College was held by the then famous Dr. Peter Browne, the fervent opponent of the Irish freethinker John Toland, whose notorious book, *Christianity Not Mysterious*, had so violently agitated and annoyed the Orthodox and had become (so went the popular story!) largely responsible for the decay of Christian preaching and teaching in the churches. For the minds of the various Divines were so influenced by the surrounding controversies that they were said only to have argued in their pulpits about one philosophy or another, instead of instructing their hearers in Faith and Morals.

However that may be, Berkeley seems to have been able to pursue his own path, to prosecute his own studies. It was at *Trinity* that he compiled his *Commonplace Book*; an autobiographic collection which dealt less with the concrete than with the absolute facts of life, with inner thoughts rather than outward actions. His mind soared rather than stepped, and his readers need a kind of wings to follow it in its lofty journeys. Already, young though he was and full of youthful spirit, he was profoundly serious;

taking his own way and refusing, in spite of his enthusiastic admiration for the philosophy of the Englishman, John Locke (1632-1704),^{*} to be over-influenced by any teacher however eminent or esteemed. To quote his own recorded words: "I do not pin my faith as the slave of any great man . . . I do not adhere to any opinion, because it is an old one or a revived one or a fashionable one . . ." But, despite this uncompromising declaration of independence, the fact remains that even a mind so self-reliant as Berkeley's must needs owe much to contemporary opinions and also derive shape and colour from those of the past.

The philosophy of Immaterialism—of the virtual non-existence of "dead Matter" and the operative supremacy of mental concepts—with which his name is popularly associated was not, for all its popular title of "the New Principle", in any real sense to be considered new. He gathered it largely from Locke, as Locke himself had gathered it from his predecessors—Plato, Bacon, Descartes and many another. But that its popularising by Berkeley took the general public of intelligent but not formally instructed persons by surprise is proved by the interested comments which it excited. When he, Berkeley, said there was no matter, the world paused to listen; in fact, the challenge of his unusually lucid literary style gave the world but little choice. Also to be reckoned with was the charm of his personality and, we may add, of his person, which possessed, it seems, considerable attractiveness. An early oil portrait of him (fortunately obtained by his industrious biographer, Campbell Fraser for reproduction in the Biography) shows us a singularly pleasant face, with lofty brows, expressive eyes and disarmingly humorous mouth. In 1729 he was described by an American reporter as "a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable pleasant and erect aspect." Obviously, though then past his first youth, he remained what, in our irreverent modern phrase, we call "a good looker" and "easy on the eye."

To return to his life at *Trinity*. Despite what must have been his many exacting duties (He had taken Holy Orders and treated his priestly responsibilities very seriously, in addition to his scholastic ones!) Berkeley accomplished much of his literary work whilst there. For instance, it was at *Trinity* that he composed and published those two once exciting *Essays on A New View of Vision* and on *The Principles of Human Knowledge* which are among the earliest ripened fruits of his youthful philosophic musings on the true character of the world of sense and its relations with the Eternal Verity. The objects which we see around us, he argues, are not exterior actualities so much as presents of the interior eye, the distance at which they appear to manifest being an appearance only. This immaterialist nature of vision applies to all material things, the whole Universe necessarily and logically existing in our minds, since mind alone has any genuine existence, that is to say, any life, matter being practically non-existent, because dead and of the nature of nothingness. *The Three Dialogues Between Hylas and Philobonus*, a little work based on the Socratic pattern and designed, we are told, to prove "the incorporeal nature of the soul, and the immediate providence of the Deity" was also written in Dublin, though not published until its Author's migration to London. In it occurs the uncompromising state-

* Berkeley founded a *Lockean Society* in Dublin.

ment that things perceptible by sense, in the case of our personal annihilation, might indeed still exist, *but only in other minds*. As the Berkeley-influenced Coleridge was to write, long afterwards:

"Oh, Lady! We receive but what we give
And in our life alone doth Nature live,
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud."

Berkeley says that his journey to London in 1713 was largely prompted by a desire to give the *Dialogues* a wider audience. He sensed, too, that their reception by the English Intelligentsia might be more discerning than by his own countrymen. Both he and his work found appreciation and made warm friends for themselves. The young Irish cleric, whose breadth of mind and tolerant sympathies made him seem so unclerical was accepted by the best intellects in London, and being emphatically "a good mixer", gained entertainment as well as edification in the Society of the English Capital. Steele, a fellow-Irishman, welcomed him with enthusiasm*, and Swift, with the nearest thing to enthusiasm of which that haughty genius was capable. Pope (whose wit and learning, "despite his papist faith", Berkeley naively acknowledged) presented him with a copy of *Windsor Forest*, Addison apparently provided him with "a side-box" at the première of *Cato*, where it is pleasant to get a happy glimpse of our young philosopher "with two or three friends and two or three flasks of burgundy and champagne," and with his earnest eyes fixed on the immaterial but enchanting stage-scape. Followed those European tours—the former as Lord Peterborough's chaplain, the latter as tutor to the Bishop of Clogher's son—which gave him an almost cosmopolitan view of continental ideas and ideals and showed his singular broad-minded judgement of them. Much as he loved scholarly solitude he was no retiring recluse like his contemporary, Bishop Butler, though he shared some of Butler's tastes.

In 1720 we find him again in London, with his lovely and lovable inconsistency terribly distressed by the material disasters of an immaterial world; with the sufferings, namely, of the English people, through the total failure of the South Sea Scheme—rightly known as "the South Sea Bubble" and originating in the groundless hopes of access by Britain to the untold wealth of Southern America.

Eagerly he produced his *Essay Towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain*, flung himself more fervently than any materialist into practical projects of relief. Characteristically, it was the prevailing lack of religion which vexed his truly religious spirit. There, and not in mere symptoms of degradation—such as the corruption of the arts and sciences—he saw the cause of the threatened disaster. And then there arose that passionate desire, provided Great Britain refused to "return to God and good morals," to found "a better Republic than Plato's, "a stronger Utopia than More's," on the other side of the Atlantic. "Westward the tide of Empire moves." So he had written in his still-quoted prophetic verses and he himself, with his newly wedded wife, the daughter of Justice Forster, resolved to move thither and to obtain a Government Grant for the purpose of founding a college for "the conversion of the American savages to the truths of the

* Berkeley and Steele. Commissioned by Steele, Berkeley wrote several essays for *The Guardian*.

Gospel." But in spite of the strange windfall of half a fortune, bequeathed him in the Will of Swift's broken-hearted Vanessa* and by the numerous solemn governmental promises, the splendid dream came to nought. His three years in Rhode Island were productive only of hopes deferred and of the writing of his once celebrated *Alciphron*, a delightful treatise against "the minute philosophers" or freethinkers, which he composed, in the midst of his growing family, in a country villa he had built and characteristically named *Whitehall*. His wife (who we are told was of quietist sympathies and admired Fénelon and Madame Guyon!) would doubtless have accompanied him to the brink of financial ruin, but she was only required instead to accompany him home again; when, his main aim frustrated, he and his family in 1731 took ship for England. But his was one of those high failures which overleap the bounds of low successes, and it is no wonder that his memory has left a halo in America, where there are more signs of his sojourn than either in Ireland or England. Various places bear his honoured name, and his house in Rhode Island is lovingly cared for by the Guild of Colonial Dames.

He was fated never to return to the Western Continent. After a few years in London he was made Bishop of Cloyne, in County Cork, and in this sequestered diocese he ministered for about twenty years, though his faithful labours attracted comparatively little notice. In 1752, already a very sick man, he resigned the Bishopric and returned to England. He was not yet old; but the death of a favourite and promising little son had helped to age him, and there had fallen on him one of those premature conditions of ill-health with which the physicians of the period showed themselves singularly unable to cope. By a rather pathetic irony, he was occupied in his latter days with an energetic and enthusiastic effort himself to cope with the question of disease; with the qualities of tar-water, with which he had interested himself in America and learnt to credit with the cure of practically all fleshly ills.† There was, despite his great intellect, a capacity for childlike faith in the good Bishop, whose last work, *Siris*,‡ an essay on the virtues of the said tar-water, became his most popular and a best seller in more languages than one. But in spite of these practical activities, the longing for academic quietude had returned to him, and his wearied thoughts turned towards the congenial environment of that learned city which he had once visited in youth and never forgotten. To Oxford therefore he journeyed as a fitting place for final rest and, early in the year 1753, that rest came to him; under a quiet roof in Holywell Street, in the midst of his family and without struggle, pain or previous illness; just such an end as he himself would have desired—and, we may feel, deserved. Oxford may be proud of enshrining the dust of a great thinker who was also a great philanthropist; a dreamer whose dreams were never selfish, a lover of Divine Reason who could also love and compassionate human folly, error and delusion, more earnestly than many a lesser soul.

G. M. HORT.

*Berkeley and Vanessa. A lady whom, he says, he had only met once at a dinner.

† Tar-Water. It will be remembered that it was to this American-Indian panacea that the name of the "cup that cheers but not inebriates" was first applied.

‡ *Siris*. The title "*Siris*" means "a chain." Although the book is practical propaganda, it has a metaphysical element and is intended to point out the goodness of God and the power of the Supreme Mind of the Creator in bestowing the gift of the wonderful tar-water on His creatures. The many links, or chain of facts, are regarded as evidence, reasonable and incontrovertible of this. A humorous touch is supplied by the bottles of the elixir with which the Bishop, apparently, fed his garden and plants.

COAL AND STEEL OR BLOOD AND IRON

SEVERAL pseudo-representatives of East European peoples were recently brought to Berlin to watch a new East German army parade down the Unter den Linden in a uniform which has not been seen before. The full significance of this development can only be assessed later, and it is perhaps too early to draw conclusions from a symbolical demonstration; the Russian mind is keen on symbolism, the German mind is sensitive to it. Events in Eastern Germany are known a little better than those behind the Iron Curtain. They ought to lead us to meditate on some aspects of the question at stake, on which there is as yet no unanimous opinion in the West. The British Government, supported by the authorised voices of the two opposition parties, gave a solemn pledge in January 1952 never to recognise the Soviet domination now prevailing over East-Central Europe. Diplomatic relations between Britain and the puppet governments are purely formal, and of an unprecedented emptiness. Both American platforms in the recent presidential campaign gave the same pledge as Britain, and the principle was reiterated in a resolution at Strasbourg, although there the effect was somewhat spoilt by the introduction into the debate of the unpleasant new slogan of "peaceful co-existence." The importance of British and American pledges may only be theoretical at the moment, but nothing more practical than a moral pledge could be suggested in the circumstances. Principles at least are clear on East-Central Europe. They are less obvious concerning Eastern Germany, though Germany's right to reunification has already been stressed officially by Britain. Yet, while the situation is sadly static in Eastern Europe, there have been acute developments lately in Germany. Since a part of Germany has freedom of action and speech, ideas on Germany's future can be freely expressed and diplomatic action has been possible with the free governments of German-speaking lands in Bonn and Vienna. Mr. Eden gave a qualified approval to the West European community at Strasbourg in September, 1952; and a little later, in Vienna, Austrian independence was reaffirmed by him, as an integral part of the principles upheld by the Atlantic powers.

Meanwhile German Socialists at Bonn maintain a firm opposition to German participation in the Western Union and the Atlantic Community. There would presumably be a unanimous German opposition to the Neisse-Oder line if this question were raised, while many exiled Poles, who cannot be suspected of any Soviet sympathies, are inclined to consider this line as the Western frontier of a future free Poland. Finally, Austrian Social-Democracy, though since its rebirth in 1945 it has constantly discussed and revised its former principles in its various organs, has not dissociated itself from the principles of the *Anschluss*, first proclaimed under Social-Democrat influence in November, 1918, and which it has never repudiated as a Social-Democrat principle in the subsequent years of the free Austrian state, not even after Hitler's annexation of Austria in 1938. Exiled Austrian Social-Democrats raised general objections against Hitlerism, but did not put forward the defence of the Austrian state as a principle. Social-Democracy is still an integral part of both the German and the Austrian political structure, although

many of its sympathisers, as well as its opponents, have described it as obsolete and incapable of evolution. As an opposition it speaks with the authority of a possible alternative government. British, French and Italian Socialists, like their predecessors of 1918, identify German unity with the principles of the late President Wilson. "German unity" sounds as though it were a right which follows from the "self-determination" of the peoples, that vague ideal which a generation ago had such an appeal to popular emotion, and which still prevents in some quarters imaginative thought on new realities. In other quarters political thought seldom goes beyond expediency. It has taken for granted that history spoke the last word in 1871, when Bismarck united Germany, and that no other German problem exists apart from the restoration of the *status quo* of 1938. Nothing is less certain.

When Bismarck's "Blood and Iron" united Germany, the model before the eyes of the German statesman was France, still the strongest Continental power in his day. Britain and Russia, as early nineteenth century German publicists like Friedrich von Schlegel and Gentz emphasised, were stronger than France only as regards their extra-European territories and populations, which, before the full development of modern transport and modern methods of production, could not be thrown into the balance of European rivalries. Louis XIV was defeated and so was Napoleon, internal revolution shook France again and again, but Bismarck's contemporary, Napoleon III, had the reputation of restoring French power. Austria had the advantage over Prussia of a greater population, and to a great extent of a better diplomatic position, through alternative alliances with Russia and the West (the first operative in the 1849 crisis, the second tacitly so in the Greek War of Independence and during the Crimean War, or whenever the Russian drive to the Balkans threatened Austrian interests) though she was at a disadvantage through her incomplete coherence in a composite state. The Prussian statesman could therefore only visualise for his country equality with a rival Austria and a potentially hostile France, and freedom of movement, without relying on an uncomfortable alliance with Russia, to be obtained through a coherent Germany, with Prussia at the helm. The French model of unity was not only obvious, but so to say classic, to statesmen of the nineteenth century, not only to Cavour and Bismarck, but also to Schwarzenberg, who attempted to give greater coherence to Austria by forcible means, and who was so much admired by the young Bismarck.

No German statesman of the present can consider France as Bismarck did, either as the "hereditary enemy," or as the rival and obstacle to Germany's place in Europe, not even as a model for a "strong Germany." The whole context of the Franco-German quarrel has vanished, very likely for good, to such an extent that the Franco-German community of interests is now considered by practically all the national parties in France, and by the majority of responsible Germans, as the backbone of the new system in Europe. Yet while a "Community" is being formed in the West on the basis of coal and steel, some anxiety is already being voiced as to whether the "Blood and Iron" tradition is finally buried in Germany. Is it genuine liberation that East European nations have to expect at some future date from the West, or a new German *Drang nach*

Osten? When the opportunity comes, shall we see a new separation of Germany from the West, a new German expansion towards Austria, and beyond Austria to other countries?

Bolshevism will one day be no more, but there will always be a Russian power. The possibility of a combination between Germany and Russia, to the detriment of East European nations, can always reappear. Russia is already at present keeping "two irons in the fire," as Bismarck said in one of his famous political precepts. The freedom left to Catholicism in Poland, very relative, it is true, but still unusual behind the Iron Curtain, the occasional flattery of old Polish ideals, or alternatively, the staging of the old familiar military spectacles in Eastern Germany, a recent reference in one of Malenkoff's speeches to the "inevitable" resurgence of a German rival to the West, are all clear indications of the Soviet intention to play off the Slav-East European fear of the German *Drang* against the alternative appeal which Russia has always had since 1813 for the Prussian partisans of German unity. In other words, we are being invited to forget, under the now fashionable name of "co-existence"—called a "division into spheres of influence" between "two forms of Democracy" in 1943-45—the old question of the fate of European Europe between Germany and Russia. But Russia does not forget it, and a German alternative to the old formulas has not yet been proffered by those Germans who are to play a part in the new Western Union, apart from sincere, but conventional, pacific pledges.

European unity will remain incomplete without East-Central Europe. Such union as now exists in the West needs a definite policy, though this may be elastic in its future application. The "co-existence" of two systems can never be lasting, and whenever Europe was divided into two groups in the past, even less hostile to each other than the present ones, the clash was never far off. A greater safeguard for a true balance may, however, lie in a threefold division, which may open up the first perspective for an eventual reintegration, not only of the now submerged East-Centre, but of Russia, into Europe. Western Europe, not counting Britain and Spain, who with their close American affinities and overseas interests can never belong unconditionally to it, would represent a population of about 150 millions. Eastern Europe, with East Germany, almost the same strength, and European Russia—without her Asiatic dependencies—amount to about the same number. Three groups, each of roughly 150 millions of inhabitants, may hold the secret of the balance of Europe, leaving Asia to its own future systems, to which Asiatic Russia would belong, and equalling the two great American systems of North and South in global importance.

No principle has been more often buried than the "balance of power," but it has been so often unearthed that it can be unearthed once more at some future date. The chief question which will face the statesmen who one day will bear the responsibility for Europe will be the reintegration of Russia. Our struggle against Bolshevism cannot be won until we can count the Russian people as our ally and until it is made certain that our aim is the integral restoration of Christian civilisation in Russia, rather than the subduing and the partition of Russia. Just as Germany—even those Germans who had nothing to do with the origins of the Hitler-

movement in the Weimar era—could not reconcile herself to countries which were meant to be a “bulwark against German aggressiveness,” so Russia will only admit confederations on her Western border which are not primarily directed against her. No confederation or union can last long if it is based on a negative principle. Russia ought to form the East of Europe, and between this East and the West there ought to be a Centre, in which Germany should be represented by some German member states, who need not renounce their nationality. Economic interests connect the East Germans with Poland, Danubia and the Balkans; their cultural links with Western Germany would remain intact. If Germany can belong to two systems, to West and East-Central Europe, Russia can also be simultaneously part of Europe and of Asia.

A final German settlement is only possible within such a framework. A completely isolated Austria cannot live. No German ethnic group will ever be satisfied with a “minority statute,” while at the same time a strong Germany left with a free hand to practise a power policy towards Russia will always inspire fear in liberated Poles, Czechs, and even Hungarians, Croats and Slovaks. Three German states within an East European federation, Austria, Saxony and Prussia—each with a precedent in its own history of combination with non-German lands—may become a new formula, historically and economically sound. “East-Central Europe” is hardly possible without three such centres of her culture and economy as Vienna, Leipzig, and Berlin used to provide. Canada is British. She maintains her link with Britain, and yet this link does not prevent her from being a factor in the American political and economic system. If Bismarck had known such precedents for unity as this, as he knew from history the French pattern of unity under Richelieu, who can say whether he would not have conceived German unity altogether differently from the federal pacts of 1867 and the Versailles proclamation of 1871? There ought to be no minorities, whether German or Slav, in Central Europe, whom “racial brothers” try to “liberate,” either by *putsches* from Moscow, or by *Drang* from the Rhine. Historical and geographical units, both German and Slav, ought to belong fully to an integrated Central Europe, with no “homelands” or “liberators” outside it.

As to the Germans of today and tomorrow, the French model may have less attraction for them than it had for Bismarck. The German fear of French power under Louis XIV and Napoleon was still a vivid memory for Bismarck; it is difficult even to reconstruct it mentally now. As the English-speaking, Spanish-speaking, and Portuguese-speaking peoples belong to two or more political systems inside and outside Europe, the Germanic peoples could also belong to two systems within Europe. Let us not forget that even the unity of France does not include all the French-speaking peoples—of Brussels, Lausanne, or Geneva—and let us, on the other hand, recall that while Europe feared the *Drang nach Osten*, there has been since the beginning of the century an alarming depopulation of the German East. The population of Silesia and Saxony migrated towards the industrial West, upsetting the whole economic structure of Germany. With German partner states within an East-Central European federation, the unsound pressure on the population of the German West

could be relieved. It is time for the Germans to consider their geographical position as a piece of good fortune; they are the only nation to play a future part both in the West and the East-Centre, not in one European system, but in two. A lasting and workable system can be visualised by regional federations of 120-150 millions of inhabitants all over Europe; anything smaller would lack the strength necessary for a relative autarky, greater ones would lack real coherence. A relative self-sufficiency is considered to be a legitimate advantage by most nations, while coherence is the condition of efficiency.

Plans for Central European union and federation have been in the air for over a hundred years. Perhaps the most elaborate and the most topical to recall at present was that of Prince Schwarzenberg in 1851. The Austrian statesman projected a Central Union of 70 millions, i.e., equal in strength to the Anglo-French system (which he saw coming) and to Russia. He wished to give this union a slight non-German majority, as a reassurance to the West that German nationalist aspirations concerning Alsace or Schleswig-Holstein—the topical questions of the day—would find no support from the non-German partners. Many circumstances have changed since then. Britain's interests now do not only lie in a European system; France, the Netherlands, Italy and Western Germany have grown naturally together; an East-Central Europe of the future would include the Balkans, which, in 1851 were still Ottoman provinces, while finally, the population of the whole of Europe has increased enormously. The figure for a future regional union or confederation of Europe is nearer to 150 millions, but the three-fold division may still be a right principle. At the beginning of the war, the eminent German political writer and close collaborator of Stresemann in the Locarno era, Dr. Stern-Rubarth, wrote that a true division of Germany into East and West would be a "restitution," not a partition. The East-European nations, which are now only represented at Strasbourg by exile-observers, can include this "restitution" amongst their future aspirations. Strasbourg, where so much is said now of Charlemagne's Europe, is the city of the Rohans. Perhaps a paraphrase of their device would be of service to the Council: *Charlemagne ne puis, Bismarck ne daigne.*

BELA MENCZER.

THE SITUATION IN CHILE

THE signing of an economic treaty on February 21st between President Peron, of Argentina, and President Ibáñez, of Chile, will undoubtedly have important political repercussions throughout South America. Although the immediate purpose of the treaty is to establish an economic union between the two countries by means of increasing mutual trade, reducing tariffs and facilitating currency exchange, its ultimate aim is to form a basis for uniting all Latin America. It can, therefore, be described as the beginning of a plan for extending Peronism

throughout the Continent. The deterioration of Chile's economic position over the last five years was probably the main reason why General Carlos Ibanez was elected President for a six-year term in the election last September. Under the circumstances many Chileans of all classes felt the need of a strong leader whose ability was not unknown to them. General Ibanez was President from 1927 to 1931 when his overthrow was caused by the reaction to his propensity for severe repression of opposition. His election as President for a second term has, however, marked a turning-point in the country's history, for it has put an end to a fourteen year period during which Aguirre Cerda, Rios Morales and Gonzalez Videla, three Radical Presidents, led the country through the crises of the second World War and after, with political support varying from the Communists to the Social Christians.

During this century Chilean politics have been subjected to a series of splits and re-fusions because personalities are more predominant than policies. This has caused many confusions, and it is, therefore, impossible to align the political manoeuvring carried on for eighteen months preceding the presidential election. Conservative, Conservative Traditionalist, Democratic, Popular Democratic, National Falangist, Liberal, Liberal Progressive, Socialist and Popular Socialist were the nine official parties. The other parties were the Communist Party which has exerted considerable influence on Chilean politics during the last twenty-five years, and which the Gonzalez regime rejected; and the Chilean Women's Party which represented most of the 328,000 women who voted for the first time in a Presidential election. Their vote greatly helped to elect General Ibanez. Women voted for the first time in the Congressional elections of 1949 as a result of legislation passed that year giving them the right to vote. The Communist votes probably gave the Gonzalez regime its majority in 1946, and for an initial period the two parties attempted co-operation. However, the latter adopted an anti-Communist attitude, and afterwards gained its support in Congress on a coalition of Radicals, Social Christians and National Falangists. This group also supported the candidature of Señor Pedro Enrique Alfonso, who was the designated heir of the Gonzalez administration. His three opponents included Senator Arturo Matte, who was predominantly Right and had support from the Liberals, Conservative Traditionalists, while some support came from the Agrarian Labour, Socialist and Democratic Parties. The candidate of the extreme Left was Dr. Salvador Allende, who tried to rally support from those dissatisfied with the Gonzalez regime and General Ibanez who stood as an Independent Nationalist.

However, General Ibanez had the advantage over the others in his fourth presidential campaign, because many efficient reforms and public work programmes were introduced during his former administration. Though he had no political influence from the time of his overthrow in 1931 until he was elected Senator for Santiago by a record majority in 1949, he entered the presidential election without the backing of a major group. He relied mainly on his own personality and his past experience as an administrator, and, of course, on the dissatisfaction which all other political parties caused among the voters. He travelled over the whole country pleading for a mandate to restore confidence in the Republic's

government, and had the assistance of only one national daily newspaper, three or four weekly journals, and one major broadcasting station. It became clear that public opinion was behind him for he obtained 47 per cent. of the votes cast. The results were: Ibanez, 436,345 votes, Matte, 257,066, Alfonso, 187,044, and Allende 52,348. A Congressional vote of 132 to 12 confirmed this choice in October, which was necessary in this instance, because the Constitution provides that unless the candidate secures more than half the votes, the decision as to the choice of President is left to Congress from the two leading candidates. Thus on November 4th, 1952, General Ibanez was inaugurated, on his seventy-fifth birthday, into his second term of office as President.

President Ibanez is now faced with the difficult task of stabilising Chile's economy, which has seriously deteriorated during the last five years through continuous and unchecked inflation. This has been seen in the respect of budget deficits, heavy State borrowing, high taxation and high prices. In 1952 the cost of living increased by 100 per cent. over that of 1948, and daily earnings per capita in manufacturing, which were less than 13 pesos before the war, rose to over 150 pesos in 1951, when Government expenditure amounted to 27,640 million pesos. It was estimated that this expenditure would exceed 42,000 million pesos in 1953, of which 12,000 million would account for salary increases of civil servants and employees of semi-governmental institutions. There were 375 pesos to the pound sterling in the autumn of 1952 compared with 180 pesos in the spring of 1951. This situation has caused an almost continuous sequence of strikes and threatened stoppages from all classes throughout the country for further wage and salary increases to meet the rising cost of living. But as soon as these demands were met prices again rose which resulted in further demands. There is no doubt that the powerful Communist organisation in the country exploited the situation, but even after the Gonzalez regime outlawed the Party, the financial crisis still persisted and gave rise to a continuation of strikes. President Gonzalez was, therefore, obliged to yield to most of the demands, but he failed to curb the rising inflation.

The Gonzalez administration's industrialisation policy has certainly been a powerful economic factor in the present crisis, though the late Government rightly freed the Chilean economy from its 75 per cent. dependence on mineral exports. There was considerable saving of foreign exchange by home production and funds were earned by new exports, including iron and steel goods and petroleum, while Chile's industrial fabric has also improved since 1946. The Development Corporation, partially financed by over \$100 million in credits from the Export-Import and International Banks as well as receiving considerable support from private capital, is responsible for this expansion. It aims at developing Chile's resources of power and raw materials for the nation's benefit, and its most important achievement so far has been quadrupling the pre-war electricity production, which has increased by 50 per cent. since 1948, and has proved a vital development in the progress of other industrial projects. It has also developed the Magallanes petroleum field, without surrendering the ownership of the resources to foreign interests. This field is now exporting considerable quantities to Uruguay

besides supplying the southern provinces of Aysen and Magallanes. Output is over 8,500 metric tons monthly from thirty wells, and is increasing by 20 per cent. annually, and it is estimated that the country will in the near future become self-sufficient in petroleum and its by-products because of recent discoveries of the extension of the field on the mainland north of Magellan's Strait. Although about £8 million was spent on hydro-electric and petroleum developments in 1952, it has been planned to restrict production to 150,000 metric tons yearly so that the supply can be retained as long as possible. The Corporation has also established a modern iron and steel industry at Huachipato, near Concepcion, and production averaged 2,500 metric tons monthly in 1948 and 1949, but this increased to over 20,000 tons monthly in the latter half of 1952. The Export-Import Bank in 1952 was prepared to grant a further \$10 million in credit for a 50 per cent. expansion of the plant, contingent on the raising of another \$5 million in the country.

On the other hand agricultural progress has been less promising, because of the country's rising population and of the advancement in industrialisation which now employs more than half the nation's population; thus it is becoming less sufficient in food supplies for its 6 million people. Before the war it normally exported wheat, but in 1951 £10 million were spent on importing 234,000 tons of wheat and 8,200 tons of flour; home production of meat has also decreased, and the export of mutton is now one-twentieth of what it was six years ago. These deficiencies are now met with supplies of wheat, meat and sugar from Argentina, Cuba and Peru. State expenditure on agriculture has steadily risen in recent years; for instance, tractors and equipment from Germany, Canada and Italy cost some £10 million, while another £3 million was spent on the irrigation of 180,000 acres: and the Agrarian Credit Institute has advanced £28 million in credits to farmers since 1947. Moreover, the investment of some £3 million for increasing sugar beet production in Bio-Bio province, and the establishment of a refining factory near Los Angeles will help to reduce food imports.

The first step the new regime must take in handling the economic situation is to check inflation. The exact methods to be adopted are not yet fully known, but it appears that State expenditure and borrowing will be drastically reduced, and the first move in this direction is the co-ordination of the many social security services into one unified system. The austerity programme includes the restriction of imports to essential needs, the limitation of credit and a simplified exchange system, and a wage and price stabilisation scheme. There is no doubt that agricultural development will be given priority over the industrial field, which means a reduction in the rate of the Development Corporation's programme. President Ibanez is not opposed to the importation of foreign capital providing it works under the same conditions as Chilean capital. Inflation could in fact be retarded by the investment of domestic capital on a sound basis in industrial development. Nevertheless, the backbone of Chile's economy are the copper and nitrate mining industries which provide most of the country's foreign exchange. In May 1952 President Gonzalez denounced a year-old agreement under which 80 per cent. of the exports from the three North American companies' mines in Chile

were sold to the United States at 27½ cents per lb, and placed all copper exports under the jurisdiction of the Central Bank, which sold at world prices. After three weeks Chile received an additional 9 cents per lb. for its copper from the U.S.A. besides finding other markets owing to the shortage of copper. This move was done a little late to gain support for the Government, and the supporters of Ibanez criticised the three Radical Presidents of submitting to American pressure. It seems that the new Administration does not intend to nationalise the industry providing that foreign capital observes the conditions of equity; if not, there will probably be a demand for nationalisation.

President Ibanez's election was strongly criticised in the United States because of the fear of nationalisation and his opposition in the Senate in July 1952 to the ratification of the Military Aid Pact with the United States. This agreement met with strong opposition throughout Chile, which gained much support for the new President. Though President Ibanez desires friendly relations with the West, he wishes to establish commercial relations with Russia, and denounces any foreign interference with Chile's sovereignty. His election has thus shown the desire of the Chilean people to follow the road to nationalism like their Argentine and Bolivian neighbours. Still it must not be overlooked that Chilean nationalism contains some anti-Argentine features which have prevented close co-operation between the two countries in the last century. It was, however, hoped that the signing of the economic treaty would create greater unity between Chile and Argentina, but recent events have not proved too promising in this respect. For instance, the supply of Argentine commodities to Chile have been smaller than expected, and Chile is also competing with Argentina for commodities that are in demand in the United States. Moreover, the Chileans now realise that they can obtain dollars or sterling for their mineral exports with which they can purchase commodities not obtainable in South America. Such a position might possibly cause a breakdown of the economic union for to ensure a cure of Chile's economic ills President Ibanez might be unavoidably forced to divert many of Chile's exports from the Argentine market to more reliable dollar and sterling purchasers. Such a move by President Ibanez might see the beginning of the end of Peronism through South America, because Chile's economy is complementary to that of Argentina.

The results of the general elections held in March have secured President Ibanez's Peoples National Alliance about 50 per cent. of the 147 seats in the Chamber of Deputies; the Right parties about 30 per cent. and the Leftists about 20 per cent. The Communists were, of course, unable to present official candidates, but they are willing to support the President if he will fulfil their basic needs which include recognition of the Communist Party and the establishment of relations with Russia and her satellites. President Ibanez must now decide whether to appease the Communists or to follow his original moderate programme to the right. His decision will affect not only Chile but the whole of the South American continent.

E. H. RAWLINGS.

DR. JOHNSON'S 'THE RAMBLER'

ANYONE who has had the application and patience to read through the four volumes of *The Rambler* must agree with Sir Walter Raleigh. He describes it as "that splendid repository of wisdom and truth which has ceased to attract readers." The reason for this neglect is probably due to their didactic moral substance. The Doctor himself recognised his inability to capture the same kind of atmosphere created by the earlier essayists, like Addison and Steele, in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. His outlook on life formed by early contact with the world and the experience thus gained would militate against the light touch of Addison, for instance, with his suavity and gentle outlook. Johnson is the Moralist superb. His essays contributed six years later to *The Idler* are generally much lighter in substance and treatment. The Doctor in an early number (3) says "Though the nature of my undertaking gives me sufficient reason to dread the united attacks of this virulent generation, yet I have not hitherto persuaded myself to take any measures for flight or treaty."

It was in March 1750 Johnson decided to launch this bi-weekly collection of papers which consist largely of moral and religious tracts. He was then in his early forties. "Johnson" says the *Cambridge History of Literature* "was deficient in the qualifications of a periodical writer." It was therefore not surprising that in their original form the essays were not popular. In these papers Johnson has revealed his views on life as it appeared to him in middle age. Smollett styled the Doctor the Cham of literature. He might also have added of Common Sense as well. *The Rambler*, says Hazlitt, "is a splendid and imposing common-place-book of general topics, and rhetorical declaration on the conduct and business of human life. . . . Johnson has as much originality of thinking as Addison; but then he wants his familiarity of illustration, knowledge of character, and delightful humour." Arthur Murphy in his life of Johnson talking of *The Rambler*, says "of this excellent production the number sold on each day did not amount to five hundred: of course the bookseller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a successful trade. His generosity and perseverance deserve to be commended; and happily, when the collection appeared in volumes were amply rewarded. Johnson lived to see his labours flourish in a tenth edition." While at the same time he was working on these weekly papers he had the *Dictionary* on hand and was also helping brother journalists.

In comparing the Ancient writers with those of his own age Johnson says "The task of the present writers is very different; it requires, together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be attained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observation of the living world. "If," he says in No. 10, the writer "is a mere essayist, and troubles not himself with the manners of the age . . . even the genius and correctness of an Addison will not secure him from neglect." In No. 14 the Doctor deals with a question which arises with every generation of writers and readers: how near in personal relationship should the former allow themselves to appear to their followers. His attitude is this "Those whom the appearance of

virtue, or the evidence of genius, have tempted to a nearer knowledge of the writer in whose performances they may be found, have indeed had frequent reason to repent their curiosity . . . the phantom of perfection has vanished when they wished to press it to their bosom . . . for many reasons a man writes much better than he lives." A modern writer, F. L. Lucas, says "I never met an author who was more than the pale shadow of his books." The same writer observes, elsewhere, "A man may easily have more than one personality; and the one that writes may be very different from the one that lives." In No. 23 he remarks "Some were angry that the *Rambler* did not, like the *Spectator*, introduce himself to the acquaintance of the publick by an account of his own birth and studies, an enumeration of his adventures and a description of his physiognomy. Others soon began to remark that he was a solemn, serious, dictatorial writer, without sprightliness or gaiety . . . but they do not know or do not reflect, that an author has a rule of choice peculiar to himself, and selects those subjects which he is best qualified to treat by the course of his studies, or the accidents of his life." It is well known that Johnson was most happily married and that his wife's death was a severe blow to him. His remarks therefore, on Marriage and "the unhappiness caused by wrong motives of choice" in No. 18 are all the more to the point. "Marriage" he says "is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship; that there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and that he must expect to be wretched, who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim." The Doctor was prepossessed with a contemplation of Death and Eternity, or, as he preferred to call it, Futurity. "It seems to me remarkable that death increases our veneration for the good, and extenuates our hatred of the bad. . . . That wickedness, which we feared for its malignity, is now become impotent, and the man whose name filled us with alarm and rage, and indignation, can at last be considered only with pity or contempt."

On the writing of Biography he remarks: "no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than biography since none can be more delightful or more useful, none can more certainly enchain the heart by irresistible interest or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition." To this we would to-day add especially is this so when the writer excels at his task as James Boswell did at his. In No. 68 on the study of man's home life the Doctor says "It is, indeed, at home that every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate either of his virtue or felicity; for smiles and embroidery are alike occasional and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honour and fictitious benevolence . . . if we trace him through the round of his time and find that his character, with those allowances which mortal frailty must always want, is uniform and regular we have all the evidence of his sincerity, that one man can have with regard to another; and indeed, as hypocrisy cannot be its own reward, we may, without hesitation, determine that his heart is pure." In No. 89 we come to something very dear to the Doctor, the pleasure to be derived from conversational intercourse of which he is a recognised master. "After the exercises," he says, "which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to

actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation . . . where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased." Is it possible that Goldsmith was in Johnson's mind or were his own Gough Square days and the attic the inspiration for No. 117? This is entitled "The Advantages of Living in a Garret" . . . "a subject which, except some slight and transient strictures, has been hitherto neglected by those who were best qualified to adorn it, some have imagined, that the garret is generally chosen by the wits, as most easily rented; and concluded that no man rejoices in his aerial abode but on the days of payment; others suspect . . . it is remoter than any other part of the house from the outer door, which is often observed to be infested by visitants, who talk incessantly of beer, or linen, or a coat . . . and some tell us the faculties are enlarged by open prospects."

In No. 121 we are presented with a comparison between Homer and Virgil with perhaps a strong and proper inclination towards finding greater merit in the former. "The warmest admirers of the great Mantuan poet," the Doctor writes, "can extol him for little more than the skill with which he has, by making his hero both a traveller and a warrior, united the beauties of the Iliad and the Odyssey in one composition: yet his judgment was perhaps sometimes overborn, by his avarice of the Homeric treasures; and, for fear of suffering a sparkling ornament to be lost he has inserted it where it cannot shine with its original splendour . . . When Ulysses visited the infernal regions he found . . . his competitor Ajax who died by his own hand in the madness of disappointment . . . Ulysses endeavoured to pacify him with praises and submission; but Ajax walked away without reply. This passage has always been considered as eminently beautiful; because Ajax, the haughty chief, the unlettered soldier, of unshaken courage, of immovable constancy, but without the power of recommending his own virtues by eloquence, and enforcing his assertions by any other argument than the sword, had no way of making his anger known, but by gloomy sullenness and dumb ferocity. . . . When Aeneas is sent by Virgil to the shades, he meets Dido . . . whom his perfidy had hurried to the grave; he accosts her with tenderness and excuses; but the lady turns away like Ajax in mute disdain. She turns away like Ajax; but she resembles him in none of those qualities which gave either dignity or propriety to silence . . . Virgil had his imagination full of Ajax and therefore could not prevail on himself to teach Dido any other mode of resentment." Our reaction to this particular comparison must surely be that it is unfair to the Mantuan and out of all perspective.

Dealing with the frequent ignorance of ordinary ways and means of life by men who devote their time and energy to scholarship and learning we find Dr. Johnson in No. 137 remarking "Nothing has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. . . . The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

The last *Rambler*, on March 15, 1752, was used by Johnson as his valedictory message. He affirms the initial purpose and scheme he had

in mind at the outset of the venture. He maintains he has stood for all that is worth while in literary work. *The Cambridge History* says "in *The Rambler*, the periodical essay reasserted itself." "Time" says the Doctor, "which puts an end to all human pleasures and sorrows has likewise concluded the labours of the *Rambler*. Having supported for two years, the anxious employment of a periodical writer and multiplied my essays to four volumes I have now determined to desist. . . . The seeming vanity with which I have sometimes spoken of myself, would perhaps require an apology, were it not extenuated by the example of those who have published essays before me, and by the privilege which every nameless writer has been hitherto allowed. . . . I am willing to flatter myself with hopes, that by collecting these papers, I am not preparing, for my future life, either shame or repentance. . . . Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, I have at least endeavoured to deserve their kindness. I have laboured to refine our language to grammatical purity, and to clear it from colloquial barbarisms, licentious idioms, and irregular combinations. Something, perhaps, I have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence. The essays professedly serious, if I have been able to execute my own intentions, will be found exactly conformable to the precepts of Christianity, without any accommodation to the licentiousness and levity of the present age. I therefore look back on this part of my work with pleasure which no blame or praise of man shall diminish or augment." "I thought very well of you before", said Tettie after a few numbers of *The Rambler* had come out "but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this." Here approbation, says Boswell, may be said "to come home to his bosom." To conclude this survey of Johnson as essayist we may perhaps agree he has taken us at times through tiresome paths and difficult thoroughfares, but in the main we have been led to think on whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, and whatsoever things are of good report.

W. H. GRAHAM.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

"SELF-DETERMINATION"

ONE of the century's typical muddles in the diplomatic field has been the conflict of motive between two main principles. On the one hand an ideal has been fashioned out of what President Wilson in his Fourteen Points of 1918 called the "self-determination" of nations, which, pursued through a generation, has resulted in a violent bid for national independence on the part of hitherto immature national entities. On the other hand the fear of war has suggested an ideal of international co-operation and collective security such as was attempted on a theoretic basis by the United Nations in 1945. The one slogan was independence; the other, interdependence. The two motives could have been harmonised if an overriding and operative principle of mutual help and faith had been in control of high diplomacy; but such control being for the most part lacking, the conflict of the mutually incompatible trends has been a main cause of the century's distress.

In the retrospect it is hardly surprising that the co-operative impulse should have spent itself in vain, for it had to compete against a powerful and even, apparently, uncontrollable surge of nationalist rivalries and fears on the part not only of the so-called Great Powers but of the small nations as well. To read such an account as is given in Sir Walford Selby's "Diplomatic Twilight 1930-1940", just published (John Murray), is to appreciate the formidable nature of this particular obstacle to good sense in international affairs. Sir Walford was at the heart of the decisive events in the century's catastrophes. He battled against muddle. Not the least of the muddles, as Sir Walford makes clear, was the crippling of the expert by the political side of Downing Street in the years between the two wars. The more general muddle is in effect an old, a very old, story, made unprecedentedly catastrophic by the scientific sharpening of the weapons with which the incidental conflicts were prosecuted.

The kernel of the diplomatic problem is to discipline human beings in so wide a field. There are three stages in the disciplinary enterprise which we all have to face. First there is the family, where the individual human being meets the problem in its narrowest and simplest form; next the nation, where government by consent of the governed provides at least an authority and a machinery of discipline; and thirdly the world at large, where there is no central authority and therefore no machinery. The United Nations cannot pretend to real authority in the international field because its members retain their full separate sovereignty. If the problem in its successive stages is to be understood, it is necessary to keep in mind the cardinal fact, as old as creation, that human beings are essentially undisciplined and chaotic unless they be governed by the super-human authority, that is by the grace of God, which is freely offered for the purpose, but may be rejected, if man, who has free will, choose to reject it. The said grace of God flows into the heart of the individual human being, the main channel of the flow being the sacraments of the Church founded by Christ.

In family life the individual faces the enterprise in a clear-cut form, and is equipped for it, if he accepts the equipment, by God's direct provision (direct, that is, to the individual human heart); yet even here the incidence of failure is alarmingly large. In the national scope the enterprise is made more difficult because the individual sense of responsibility and even imagination tends to be swamped in the magnitude and complexity of what takes place. The individual thereby tends to lose touch with the grace of God. The modern processes of the political "welfare state" with its nationalisation of the materialist means of welfare under the materialist sanction of an electoral vote are an example of the inevitable inadequacy of political governments as an agent of welfare. The obvious reason for such inadequacy is that the only effective agent of welfare is the grace of God, working through the individual. Until therefore individuals are developed enough in their spiritual life to be able to make a spiritual contribution to political life (instead of merely regarding a government as fair game for short-sighted self-interest) these "welfare states" are bound to be the fiasco they have so far proved to be. Finally in the international scope the enterprise is crippled at the outset by the circumstance that individual responsibility is still more widely swamped.

There has not yet been fashioned even a machinery of effective international discipline or co-operation. There is no higher authority yet recognised to which the separate national sovereignties are willing to subject themselves.

The talk of international law is one of the political impulses in wishful thinking. Such impulses would be valuable as a form of prayer, if they were consciously conceived as such; but restricted as they are in motive to the materialist field, they lead nowhere. There is no such thing as international law in the true sense. There can be no law without authority. We have a vast corpus of agreed and signed international instruments which, in default of an accepted authority to impose them, are of little practical value, and which normally in an emergency are disregarded by one or other or by all the parties concerned. The prevailing relationship between nations is essentially one of chaos. War, latent or open, dormant or active, cold or hot, is the clear and only possible upshot in the diplomatic contacts of nations, until the problem be solved of the establishment of a supernational authority, a world government, which in its turn becomes possible only when individual spiritual development is advanced enough to substitute faith for fear as the motive of international relations. From beginning to end of the enterprise therefore the problem (in common with all the problems of human behaviour) is religious in kind; and religion in its technique is an individual thing. The beginning of the process is man's, the result God's; man sows the individual seeds, God gives the harvest.

We have to contemplate the apparent paradox of individual human beings seemingly helpless before the nightmare of war and international diplomacy, and yet being ultimately responsible and presently capable by faith of altering it all and putting it right. Miracle is one of the commonplace features of human life. Life itself is a miracle and a mystery. The incidental circumstance of our life on earth is one of miracle, the only effective instrument of our welfare being the operative faith of every separate human being. The enterprise of mutual help on the several scales—family, nation, the world at large—is therefore itself seen to be something of a paradox because although collective in purpose it must remain individual in motive and in origin. Every individual counts. In that truth lies the answer to the problem, yielding the incidentally comforting thought that the problem is after all not hopeless, and that every individual has an equal opportunity and responsibility in its solution. Such indeed is the true basis of democracy, when properly understood. The conflict above mentioned that has waged with peculiar ferocity in our time between the supposed ideal of national independence and sovereignty on the one hand and mutual interdependence and co-operation on the other, falls into its place in the human enterprise as a whole if one remembers the main precept given by Christ for our guidance, namely that we should love one another: a precept of gigantic simplicity and power. If we loved one another, the very idea of national sovereignty would lose alike its substance and its sting. Mr. Anthony Eden once excellently observed that the business of diplomacy was to take the sting out of national sovereignty.

The operation of that sovereignty has become chiefly interesting as the

means of waging war. War is the outcome of fear. The only thing that drives out fear is love, which includes faith as the greater includes the less. On every hand we are given instances and object lessons in the divine simplicity of our job on earth. Can the nations in fact be independent of each other, or are they necessarily dependent upon each other? There is no need even to answer such a question, which, the moment it is asked, appears to be so unnecessary as to look silly. The first condition of life is that we do all depend upon each other. Now it happens from time to time that episodic attempts are in fact made in this business of international co-operation. The former dual monarchy of Austria and Hungary, which functioned for a century (1815-1918) was a case in point. The political conception of distinct racial and national entities—Czech, Slovak, Slovene, Croat, Serb, Magyar, German, Roumanian—being associated into a single political entity was made possible by the binding virtue of a common religion and a common Church. When the individual person became slack in his religious motive and the ruling Germans and Magyars allowed selfish motives of personal greed and power to sway their actions, then the whole conception was balked of its logic, and the “ramshackle” empire, as it came fairly to be described, collapsed of its own rottenness.

The like truth was applicable to the rottenness which ate into the Russian polity, chiefly into the Church itself, and gave entry to the atheist materialists who in our time have led the world a dance. There is a connection between the two cases; for when the Danubian nations in 1919 broke apart into self-determined separate national entities, having lost the religious bond, they fell an easy prey, a generation later, to the atheist tyranny marauding from Moscow. Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Hungary and Roumania all fell victim to it. They did not hang together under the mixed political and spiritual unity of the Dual Monarchy, and they hanged separately under Moscow. Lord Acton once observed: “The Dual Monarchy was the perfect example of Christian policy because it bound together a large number of distinctive nationalities by common attachment to Church and Crown”; and the Czech historian Palacky once went so far as to surmise that “if the Austrian Monarchy did not exist, it would be necessary to create it quickly in the interest of Europe and of humanity.” The movement that started in the later years of the first world war for the liberation of the small Danubian nations from German-Magyar control was a true tragedy, because it was rooted in a sincere desire to free them from an undoubted and cruel tyranny (into which an essentially good conception had degenerated); yet it was not the right solution, as the sequel has proved.

There is indeed to be seen a symbolic evil in the communist practice of the past half century in destroying, or attempting to destroy, both the Church and the Monarchy in all the countries they have overrun: the principle of monarchy being a valuable ally to the Church because it is a human institution, as distinct from the impersonal and inhuman dictatorship of a bureaucracy such as the Kremlin. A monarch is a human being, an individual, and therefore a potential channel of the grace of God in the function of government. The further away we go from the principle of human individual competence in affairs and the more we become enmeshed in political, bureaucratic and materialist tyranny, the more

difficult we find it to encompass the welfare of nations. The balance that is necessary in the duality of the authority in civilised life—fairly to be summarised as the law of God and the law of the State—is hard to maintain. If it be not maintained, the result is catastrophe. The issue is at this time being fought out in Jugoslavia, as it was fought out, and lost (temporarily, as we pray) in Russia.

As in most aspects of the human adventure there is a vicious circle at work, the divine purpose of which is perhaps to make things more difficult and thus to exercise God's gifts to man of brain and spirit. If the gifts be not logically used and danger manifests itself on the diplomatic horizon, fear takes hold of the people, and the power of governments is thereby automatically swollen. In the first world war the political conscription of life as well as of property became an almost universal practice and was the first fatal blow, the first of many, to what we glibly call the free world. Be it noted that it had nothing to do with Russian communism. Indeed Russian communism was one of its consequences. There was no such thing in 1914 as Russian communism nor any communism as an established political menace. The Pope of Rome was proved right in his diagnosis of conscription as the root of the evil, when in 1917 he tried to combat what he saw as the worsening of the evil in the succeeding years. (His suggestion that compulsory military service be suppressed as the necessary first step to disarmament and lasting peace was conveyed in a letter from Cardinal Gasparri to Mr. Lloyd George dated September 28th 1917). At that time the general plunge into the adversity that was to characterise the first half of the twentieth century had only just begun, and in the fever of madness the Pope's suggestion was totally ignored.

In the subsequent history, today still unfolding after more than a generation of suffering, it becomes clear as we look back that the lack of a guiding principle has been mainly responsible for the obstinate failure to secure peace. The 1919 prescription of the self-determination of nations reflected a blind attempt to deal with symptoms rather than with the disease. The contrasting prescription of the League of Nations and again of the United Nations as a method of mutual and interdependent service was never given a chance of becoming effective because every nation concerned was too firmly wedded to its separate sovereignty and to its armaments, which are the instrument of that sovereignty. The provision of the "veto" which ruined the United Nations Charter from the moment of its drafting was merely an expression of intransigent, independent national sovereignty on the part of the Great Powers. It was incidentally an expression of mutual fear, which killed the condition of mutual faith, that essential first condition of progress.

Those who have seriously followed this disastrous chain of events which has brought with it a crescendo of adversity through half a century have discovered that there is such a thing in affairs as a first principle, simple to see, hard to apply. The principle is that we sink or swim together. In other words, we either love and serve, or hate and destroy, each other. There is no middle way. The more a man contemplates the diplomatic scene, the more convinced he becomes that the first step to peace is disarmament, and that until we take that step we waste our

breath in diplomatic conference about the incidental symptoms of what is wrong. In the family circle we are disarmed. It is not the usual practice for members of a family to be armed in the supposed cause of self-defence against each other. The family therefore is a working example and a clue to the general problem that faces human beings in their earthly sojourn. The family—despite the exceptional and relatively small failures—is a bit of heaven on earth. In the nation we are likewise disarmed. It is not the usual practice for co-nationals to go about with cocked rifles for the purpose of self-defence in the streets or in public assemblies. There is therefore a beginning of wisdom in that field. We have not yet advanced far from the beginning because politics, a theoretic sanction for nothing more than practical convenience, have got beyond themselves and usurped a function which truly belongs, not to the political, but to the spiritual, province of authority; and the agency of love paramount in the small circle of the family, tends to be lost in the wide circle of the nation. None the less there is a beginning of the appropriate function within the confines of a nation. We at any rate recognise, though we do not adequately apply, the principle of mutuality in welfare.

In the international field, by contrast, there is as yet no beginning of wisdom. So long as the nations are armed in the theoretic cause of self-defence against each other, there can be no beginning of wisdom, no security, no sense. When people are armed, sooner or later they shoot. The nervous tension serves the devil's purpose of mutual fear, to the exclusion of God's purpose of faith and love. Disarmament therefore is the first cause of redress in international affairs. We shall go on suffering until that basic truth be recognised and acted upon. It is reasonable to hope (for God after all is of a boundless resource) that science will one day make armaments so terrifying that they will die a natural death from the swamping of international fear by the greater general fear of impartial and universal destruction. Alfred Nobel, the inventor of modern explosives, entertained such a hope, and in his time was disappointed. He may yet prove to be right. Such a solution of the problem presented to man would however be itself a form of failure. The better way is through the triumph of love, faith and reason as the God-given instruments of our welfare. The prospect is no doubt a long one, and may need—why not?—another of God's miracles in the upshot. The particular miracle for which we pray is the conversion of every individual heart to a recognition of the obvious fact that love and the grace of God are the only dependable instruments of high diplomacy. The moment such conversion became a fact, the deed would be done, and peace at the last would be the reward.

In one sense therefore the fashionable cry for national self-determination could be merged in the better cry for national co-operation and mutual help because the said self-determination could as its highest expression choose and determine, not the dangerous expedient of an armed separate sovereignty, but the fool-proof expedient of a true internationalism based exclusively upon faith. The encouraging sign is that the century's enormities have in fact prompted an increasing number of people, not confined to any one country, to give their minds and their resource to this very exploration. The New York *Times* of April 28th last for instance

published a summary of proposals made by an American pioneer, Mr. Frederic C. Smedley, in this field of thought. His was an uphill initiative, all the more meritorious thereby. Mr. Smedley, one understands, sent a summary of his proposals to other American newspapers as well, but it was not published. His particular argument was the clearly sound one that the *limitation* of armaments is a useless objective, and that only the full *elimination* of armaments can serve the purpose.

"War" he says "is a cancer which must be removed from the body politic. In excising cancer, no competent surgeon operates piecemeal. He removes the whole malignant growth. If he fails to do so, the remnant he leaves in his patient's body quickly replaces the part which was removed, and the patient almost invariably dies". He recalls an interesting remark made by General Eisenhower himself in 1946, when he was the Chief of Staff in the United States army. The remark, made in the course of an address to Boston University graduands, was this: "It is your business to put us out of business". Mr. Smedley attractively suggests that a bid for total immediate disarmament from the United Nations Disarmament Commission would be likely to achieve its purpose whether it were agreed to by all the parties concerned or not; for the dissident still-armed governments would be the object of revolt on the part of their peoples.

A popularly roused opinion in this matter could indeed be the instrument of the miracle suggested above. Once achieved, it would promptly lose its miraculous aspect and would become a normal achievement falling within the normal competence of commonsense. The taking of the plunge is the difficulty. If only the nations' representatives in the United Nations were to take their courage in both hands and draft a proposal for total, immediate and permanent disarmament, the obstacles would probably fall before their astonished eyes. Big acts of faith, once launched, are the easiest thing on earth to carry through: for such is the omnipotence of God. But man must first make the bid; for God gave free will to man, and God's gifts are not a sham.

GEORGE GLASGOW.

June 11th, 1953.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

STUDIES IN ENGLISH ROMANTIC POETRY

The sub-title of this fine work of exposition is *Studies in English Romantic Poetry*; and, turning its pages, the reader may ask how the author can include, under such a heading, poets so divergent in style and thought as Wordsworth, Hopkins, Whitman, Lawrence, T. S. Eliot, and Ezra Pound. Have we not been told by the two latter that they are on the side of classicism; whilst Wordsworth in theory, and the other two in practice, have clearly proclaimed themselves romantic writers? Challenging us first with an incongruity, Sir Herbert Read's book both poses and settles the dilemma of this strange juxtaposition. For whatever these poets have said about their work, all of them have shared one experience: a like first response of their public, who greeted their verse with loud abuse. All were branded as revolutionaries, and it is amusing to

compare the statements which Jeffrey made about the poetry of Wordsworth with those that Alec Waugh committed on the subject of T. S. Eliot's early poems. Accused by an intelligent though limited mind of writing like "a drunken helot" (whatever such a mode of composition implies), it is perhaps a little quixotic to insist on the classicism of one's approach, if by that term one means an art of general conformity. Such was the position of T. S. Eliot, who suffered the same misunderstanding as Gerard Manley Hopkins, when he asserted that his own efforts in sprung-rhythm were not to be viewed as complete innovations, but as a return to early English practice.

Sir Herbert Read's concern in this book has not been with that stimulation which non-current methods of handling verse can offer to the creative artist. Instead, he has concentrated on the germinal power inherent in personal thought and perception. In this sense, his work has emphasised not the traditional aspect of what at one time or another has been described as revolutionary verse, but rather its evolving aspect—the tendency for fresh and first-hand impressions to find their own fresh formal equivalents. This train of thought would find corroboration, it seems to me, in Croce's *Aesthetic*; but since the arrangement of Sir Herbert Read's book is chronological (beginning with Coleridge), he finds his theory enunciated in the words of Coleridge's contemporary, Schelling. According to the latter thinker, the artist or poet should not imitate the outward form of any object but its spirit or its essence. This spirit or essence constitutes "the creative life within" the object, which is responsible for its "perfection"; and when we ask how we can arrive at a knowledge of this primal energy, whose configuration in each object is unique, the answer is—by intuition. Such an aesthetic derived, of course, from Schelling's nature-philosophy which wore, in its own time, a transcendental dress. Sir Herbert Read frees it from this, and goes on to trace the idea as it manifested itself through the theory and practice of subsequent poets: through Coleridge's notion of "organic form"; Wordsworth's concern with natural speech as a corrective to Augustan conventional diction; Keats' rejection of the tyranny of Milton; Hopkins' definition of his key-term "inscape"; T. E. Hulme's addiction to the image; and the summary of this art of individuation in the verse of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound. In the course of this exposition, which contains some of the best verbal analysis this critic has written, Sir Herbert Read has cause to reject the characteristic practice of Walt Whitman and D. H. Lawrence (as a poet). For all their apparent modernity, he finds that their use of language, which resorts to a formal device that Hopkins termed a "figure of grammar," sets them in the camp of writers who look upon poetry as a species of rhetoric rather than a mode of innate expression.

This book also contains four *Essays ancillary to the main theme*. Three of these are reprints of earlier pieces: *Coleridge as Critic*, *In Defence of Shelley*, and the *British Book News* supplement on *Byron*. The fourth, *Wordsworth's Philosophical Faith*, is new, being the text of a Centenary address at the University of Leeds, in 1950. As an interpretation of the general ideas sustaining the development of verse from 1800 until to-day, *The True Voice of Feeling* must be warmly recommended.

DEREK STANFORD.

The True Voice of Feeling. By Herbert Read. Faber & Faber, 25s.

STALIN

Mr. Fischer has lived for many years in Russia. He saw the struggle over Trotsky at close quarters and the rise of Stalin to absolute power. The book was written before Stalin's death but came out just after it. It has in the last two chapters some shrewd comments on the situation that would arise, some of which have turned out to be accurate. The earlier part described the conflict

of personalities that followed the death of Lenin. A good deal is already known of this period but it is well to have it retold from time to time. The most important feature of the book is the portrait of Stalin's character. Typical of his outlook is the following. When asked, what is the purpose of socialism; is it to create happiness? he replied: "No. Society is a pile of wood blocks. Life's aim should be to rearrange it. Happiness is irrelevant. It is a middle class ideal." Nothing was any use to him unless it fitted into the dogma which he had adopted. During the 1930's Stalin had built up a centralised police state in Russia and he had ruthlessly removed all rivals. He surrounded himself with people loyal to his person. No one dared resist, for he had his agents and spies everywhere. It was a gigantic system of espionage and terror. While the portrait is correct in outline, Mr. Fischer has perhaps overdrawn it. He makes out Stalin to be a ogre with scarcely a spark of humanity in him. One has a feeling that it is impossible for anyone to be quite so evil. The account given of the meetings at Teheran, Yalta, Moscow and Potsdam with the Western statesmen, Roosevelt, Churchill and later Truman shows that Stalin was well able to take advantage of their weaknesses. Roosevelt naively thought that he could "manage" him by friendly intercourse but became disillusioned before his death. Churchill tried to keep him out of the Balkans during this period by making a deal with him over Rumania and Greece, but Stalin double-crossed him when he fomented civil war in Greece. Roosevelt seemed at one time to have thought that "British imperialism" in Asia needed checking as much as Russian imperialism in Eastern Europe.

Towards the end of the book, Mr. Fischer correctly analyses the situation which has actually arisen since Stalin's death. Beria and Malenkov, he thought, would succeed Stalin and here he is not far wrong, though Beria is probably less powerful than he was. "The heirs of Stalin", he thinks, "will be compelled to make gradual concessions to the Soviet people, yearning for more groceries and more liberty". This was written before Stalin's death and it seems that that is just what is happening now. But the struggle will go on in one form or another. The author thinks that much will depend on the way things go in the Middle East and Southern Asia where there are weak and corrupt nationalist regimes whose people see no alternative to their present condition except Communism. But that struggle has only just begun and has been by no means decided, nor is likely to be for some time yet.

M. PHILIPS PRICE, M.P.

Louis Fischer. *The Life and Death of Stalin*. Jonathan Cape. 15s.

PARADISE LOST

It would not be surprising if we stood on the brink of a Milton revival. On the negative side none of the charges made against him in the 'thirties seem relevant any longer. Milton is no use to us, poets used to tell us, as a model; so he must be of no use to you as a poet. This is a pretty leaky syllogism and Mr. T. S. Eliot (who first propounded it) has now gracefully recanted and left his followers high and dry. If fashions in taste matter more to you than taste itself now would seem the moment to admire Milton in public. And now would seem the moment, one would think, for a great university press to undertake a definitive edition of the poetical works based on a text ordered (for the first time) on consistent principles, with a commentary that would set Milton's intentions in the clearest light and a critical introduction that would assess his achievement with acuteness and sympathy. It is a matter for deep regret that the book before us is nothing of the kind*. Miss Helen Darbishire, the new Milton editor, gave us in 1931 a facsimile edition of the manuscript of the first book of *Paradise Lost* and no better textual editor could have been found for

the whole poem. And indeed all the evidences of patient scholarship are here: textual variants noted in abundance, a commentary on them provided, with an introduction discussing Milton's theories on spelling and punctuation. The poem has been neatly disinfected of impurities and hung out to dry. In fact the job is so well done that it seems ungracious to wonder whether it was the right job to do, whether it is not, in the end, dangerously misleading to represent Milton as a pernickety old man fighting a losing battle with his secretary and his printer over the proper function of the apostrophe and the nature of the syllabic consonant. We are by now hardened to the kind of scholarship that exposes the frailties of the mighty dead, but at least sin and notoriety go hand in hand. Miss Darbishire's unwitting caricature of a great poet strikes one as exceptionally cruel. It is a long sad journey we must make back to the Milton that matters, back to the commentary that Verity made half a century ago. It is a fussy affair and its scholarship is outdated, but it is about the poem that Milton wrote. It puts poetry before proof-reading, the faiths and legends of Europe before one man's theories of English orthography. The present edition, so far as it goes, is a fine one. It is the first text of Milton we have ever had based on all the evidence. But we may still permit ourselves to wonder whether the present craze of English scholarship for the letter is not an insanity, and to hope that it may prove a passing one. The reader knows very well what he wants of an edition of *Paradise Lost*. He can tell at a glance that the poem is not an isolated fact, that it exists in an elaborate context of theology and myth, and he wants to ask and be told what that context of belief really was. If scholarship disdains a task as important as this it must be sadly adrift.

GEORGE WATSON.

**The Poetical Works of John Milton. Vol. I: Paradise Lost.* Edited by Helen Darbishire. Oxford University Press. 30s.

HIMMLER*

Readers of Willi Frischauer's biography of Göring are aware of his zeal in gathering up every crumb relating to the subject of his choice. His portrait of Himmler is similarly enriched by the testimony of witnesses who stood close to the most diabolical of the Nazi chiefs, above all his elder brother and General Wolff, his closest surviving associate in the dreaded Blackshirts. From his wife there was little to learn, partly because she was unable to talk calmly, partly because her husband had long transferred his affections to another woman by whom he had two children. The result is one of the most repulsive books of our time, in which almost the only ray of light shines from the portrait of his respected Bavarian parents.

If Hitler can claim the partial excuse of paranoia and Göring found at any rate two kindly women to love him, Himmler is portrayed in these pages as a cold-blooded monster destitute of every human feeling. That he was an able organiser is clear from his rapid rise in the Nazi hierarchy, beginning as secretary to Gregor Strasser and ending as the second personage in the Reich. It would be unfair to dismiss either him or his Fuhrer as mere adventurers, for both were inspired by a fanatical ideology which partially explains their colossal crimes. That ideology was racialism—the conviction that the Germanic race was so infinitely the finest in the world that every method was justified by the need to eliminate foreign elements. From the first Himmler shared Hitler's hatred for the Jews and worked with Rosenberg and Julius Streicher for their systematic extermination. His detestation of the Slav races was only a little less, and for such sub-human "vermin" mass-murder appeared to him the appropriate treatment. The concentration camps, of which he was the principal author, were filled not only with actual or potential foes of the Nazi

regime but with multitudes whose only offence was their non-German blood. In this ruthless campaign he was assisted by the Blackshirts who rose to power on the ruins of the Brownshirts and, under his fostering hand, threatened the life and liberty of everyone except Hitler himself. When the second World War began Göring stood next to the Führer in the hierarchy, but when his Luftwaffe failed to preserve the Fatherland from foreign bombs his bloated figure shrank into insignificance, and Himmler stepped forward to take his place.

Was Himmler a strong man? Not so strong as he seemed, answers the author. One of the novelties in this volume is the revelation of the immense influence of Heydrich on his chief. After expulsion from the navy for misconduct, he enlisted in the Nazi movement where his brains brought him rapidly to the front. If the author is correct, Heydrich, not Himmler, was the strong man, every ready with daring projects and flinching from nothing to carry them out. Himmler himself was always in poor health. The chronic and agonising cramp in the stomach, the result of nerve strain, was partially relieved by a masseur Felix Kersten who has described his experiences in a volume recently published in America. During the hour daily devoted to massage Kersten was allowed to talk with a good deal of freedom, for he was almost the only human being whom Himmler regarded as indispensable. With such opportunities he naturally became a person of importance.

When the tide of war turned in 1943 and the Generals began to despair, the Führer and Goebbels resolved to fight to the bitter end. Himmler, on the other hand, and his trusted subordinate Schellenberg speculated on the prospects of military defeat and even envisaged the necessity of removing Hitler as the main obstacle to peace. When the final crash came and Hitler was immured in his bunker beneath the Chancellery, Himmler dreamed for a brief moment of succeeding the Führer and negotiating with the Western Powers. It was merely a dream, not only because his name was anathema to the Allies, but because he proposed a continuance of the struggle against Russia. Our last glimpses of the Bloodhound, as Göring called him, are in the diary of Count Bernadotte and in the report of the last days and hours in which the once dreaded chief of the Blackshirts hid ignominiously behind a false passport and swallowed poison when he was caught. "Immortally, beyond all mortals, damned," wrote William Watson long ago of the Red Sultan who slaughtered thousands of his Armenian subjects in cold blood. A similar verdict will be pronounced by readers of this terrible book on the man who slew an infinitely larger number of human beings and left a dark stain on the German name.

G. P. GOOCH.

**Himmler: the evil genius of the Third Reich*. By Willi Frischauer. Odhams Press. 16s.

A GERMAN LOOKS AT MODERN BRITAIN*

Foreign correspondents are on the whole exceptionally well qualified to write books about the countries in which they exercise their calling, and the author of this interesting study of modern Britain, who is a distinguished German journalist and who spent several years in this country as foreign correspondent of a leading Swiss newspaper, is no exception to this rule. In this capacity he had ample opportunities for a close study of the British way of life in all its various aspects and was in a position to observe British politics from very close quarters and even, as his publishers claim, to have a look behind the scenes. About thirty years ago the same publishers who now place this intelligent and lively account before the German reading public published Wilhelm Dibelius' two substantial tomes on England which influenced and shaped the "Englandbild" of several German generations. I do not know whether the author intended to bring Dibelius' famous book up to date, but he has certainly succeeded in producing a valuable supplement to the work of his predecessor. His book,

though modest in size, is very comprehensive: it deals with the foundations of British political thought, with the position of the Monarchy, the relations of Church and State, and describes the many changes that have taken place within the framework of British parliamentary democracy. In addition, the author devotes a considerable amount of space to a discussion of the problems of the modern welfare state, and it is interesting to see how he manages to convince his readers that what is "new" in England is often based on very old foundations and has in any case become inextricably mixed up with the traditional forms of British life. He also deals, though perhaps rather too briefly, with the problems of British defence, and even the lighter side of British life does not escape the attention of this careful observer who obviously likes Britain and the British and who has some very flattering things to say about the British national character, even if he does not seem to be impressed by British provincial hotels and remains ominously silent about British cooking. He has clearly taken great care about his facts and supplements his personal observations with the study of official documents and statistics such as the Report of the Royal Commission on Population. As a result the book is singularly free from errors and misstatements so often found in books of this kind and it should make a valuable contribution to the cause of Anglo-German understanding. DR. R. ARIS.

**Dous neus England*. By Wilhelm Wolfgang Schutz. Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart.

The latest collection of Mr. Pritchett's literary criticisms, *Books in General*, (Chatto & Windus, 1953) is a delight. His knowledge of modern literature is extensive, his judgment sound, his style of exceptional distinction. All the items except 'The Art of Koestler', the longest in the book, appeared in the *New Statesman*. The volume is almost equally divided between Anglo-Saxon and foreign authors. The former includes Clough, T. E. Lawrence, Henry James, Samuel Butler, the young Ruskin, the Carlyles, Boswell, Swift, Smollett, Sterne, Poe, Dickens, Meredith, Gissing, Conrad (who must be reckoned among British rather than among Polish writers), Ouida, Firbank, Jacobs, Faulkner, Wyndham Lewis. The foreign authors are Benvenuto Cellini, Manzoni, Verga, Svevo, Perez Galdos, Maupassant, Daudet, Zola, Stendhal, Gide, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi and Hoffmann. To comment on every dish in this rich feast is impossible in a brief notice. It is enough to recommend lovers of literature to take their place at the table.

DR. SCOTT LIDGETT

The Directors and the Editor of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW desire to place on record their regret at the death of Dr. Scott Lidgett, C.H., in his ninety-ninth year. For two decades after the death of Sir Percy Bunting in 1911 he was Joint Editor, and he remained Chairman of the Company till the end. A man of marked ability and unwearying zeal, he won distinction in several fields. The first of his interests was always theology. He was the leading figure in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and in his closing years he deserved the title of the Grand Old Man of Nonconformity. He wrote and preached till almost the end, and his last book was published a few months ago. He founded the Bermondsey Settlement, of which he was the Warden for sixty years. He served on the London County Council, and he was the last leader of the Progressives on that body. For many years he was a member of the Senate of London University, and for two years served as its Vice-Chancellor. He took a prominent part in the lengthy discussions on reunion and won the confidence of successive Archbishops of Canterbury. In politics he was a Liberal. His only son fell in the First World War. His closing years were spent at the home of his married daughter. His many friends and fellow-workers mourn the passing of a fine Christian citizen.

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